The Relief Society Magazine

32 NO. 3 MARCH 1945

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 32, NO. 3 MARCH 1945

Notice

January 16, 1945

REPORTS reaching us indicate that there may be considerable numbers of our boys who are being returned from the various battle fronts in the world to the United States for treatment in hospitals. While our local Church officers in stakes and missions are taking such steps as are available to them to learn who these boys are in order that they may visit them and give such spiritual and other aid and comfort as may be possible, nevertheless, because not all of our boys have the "L.D.S." tag designation, and are generally listed merely as "Protestants" and not as members of our Church, it is not possible for our Church officers to be sure they locate and identify all of our wounded brethren.

If the parents or wives of wounded men and women, if any, will send to the office of the First Presidency the names and addresses of their sons, husbands, or daughters who have beeen wounded and who are in this country for hospital treatment, we will see that their names reach the proper officer—stake, ward, or mission—so that such officer may be able to get in touch with the wounded and render such service as may be possible.

Heber J. Grant
J. Reuben Clark, Jr.
David O. McKay

The First Presidency

The Cover: The cover is from a photograph by Willard Luce, "Spring Silhouette."

RELIEF SOCIETY WELFARE ACTIVITIES

Top: Wells Stake—Welfare Sewing Display

Middle: Liberty Stake—Canning

Bottom: Salt Lake Stake, 17th Ward—Quilting

The Relief Society In Church Welfare

Elder Marion G. Romney

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve Apostles and Assistant Managing Director
General Church Welfare Committee

"FROM the beginning, the women of the Christian Church have shown their surpassing faith and devotion. Only one apostle stood near the Cross while the Christ was crucified, but Mary, the mother, was there, and Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the mother of James and Joses, and the mother of Zebedee's children, and the women that followed Him from Galilee. It was Mary Magdalene who was first at the tomb when the Sabbath had ended, and to her Christ vouchsafed the first view to mortals of His resurrected body.

"From that time until now woman has comforted and nursed the Church. She has borne more than half the burdens, she has made more than half the sacrifices, she has suffered the most of the heartaches and sorrows.

"In the modern Church hers has been the abiding, unquestioning faith, the pure knowledge, that has enheartened the Priesthood and kept it going forward against all odds. Her loving trust, her loyal devotion were the faithful anchor that held when storms were fiercest." (President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., Annual Conference Report, April 1940, p. 21.)

The "women of the Christian Church" include the sisters of the Relief Society, and to no group does this sublime tribute more aptly apply.

One hundred and three years ago, the Prophet "assisted in commencing the organization of the Society." In illustrating its objects, he said that the "sisters might provoke the brethren to good works, in looking to the wants of the poor, searching after objects of charity, and in administering to their wants;" (*Relief Society Handbook*, pp. 21-22). And later in the same month he wrote that its "object is the relief of the poor, the destitute, the widow and the orphan, and for the exercise of all benevolent purposes." He was assured "that with the resources they will have at command, they will fly to the relief of the stranger; they will pour in oil and wine to the wounded heart of the distressed; they will dry up the tears of the orphan and make the widow's heart to rejoice." (D.H.C. Vol. IV, p. 567)

To guide them in this work, the sisters were to "receive instructions through the order of the Priesthood which God has established, through the medium of those appointed to lead, guide and direct the affairs of the Church in this last dispensation." (D.H.C. Vol. IV, p. 607) That the bishop is included in this "order of the Priesthood" is clear from the fact that before the Relief

Society was organized, the Lord had given instructions for the care of the poor of his Church in the revelations received by the Prophet. In these revelations all the powers, functions, and responsibilities necessary for caring for the poor were given to the bishop.

The Prophet expressed the view that for the sisters to assist in administering to the wants of the poor was one of the best means to the saving of souls, which was the ultimate aim of the Society.

The century-old record of love-inspired service by the Relief Society is an enduring tribute to its members. Surely the Prophet spoke with prophetic accuracy when he said: "I now turn the key in your behalf in the name of the Lord, and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time henceforth; this is the beginning of better days to the poor and needy, who shall be made to rejoice and pour forth blessings on your heads." (D.H.C., Vol. IV, p. 607) Since March of 1842, in every place where members of the Church have gone, and in all circumstances, the hallowed influence of these women has been actively present. Into countless homes they have gone to take food when hunger threatened; to take clothing and fuel to protect from cold; to nurse in time of illness; to prepare the dead for burial; and to comfort the aching heart. Neither the number of services engaged in nor the amount of time given in them can be set down, for no record has or could have been kept.

Until recently, the Relief Society visiting teachers in making their monthly visits have gathered charity funds from which aid supplemental to that rendered by the bishop has been administered. In this activity the sisters have rendered a worthy service, resulting in much good and often sorely needed, for in some places there has been little searching after or administering to the poor other than what the Relief Society women have done.

Under the impetus of the Church Welfare Plan, however, the bishops are more fully discharging this part of their bishop's calling. Into their hands is coming the production of the annual Church Welfare budget, as also increased funds from fast offerings. The Relief Society sisters are therefore relieved from the necessity of maintaining a separate charity account, but their duties toward helping the poor have increased in other ways. This is as it should be, for the bishop and the Relief Society president have been described as the father and the mother of the ward, and in all well-organized families the father is the provider.

With the development of the Church Welfare Plan, the Relief Society's sphere of activity in welfare work has, as stated, been extended, however, and not restricted. Relieved of the necessity for maintaining and administering an independent charity fund, the sisters are more fully devoting their time to caring for the members of the ward family. They are extending such services as caring for the sick (within the past eighteen months in a rather large city on the fringe of the Church my wife and I were confined to our hotel with illness; one person only sought us out to render aid; it was the Relief Society president); comforting the distressed and sorrowing;

training the teachable to sew and cook, as also other arts of homemaking; adroitly showing mothers and other homemakers how to get the most out of the means at their disposal. Thus ministering among the people with sympathetic understanding, they are winning and sacredly guarding the confidence of ward members; advising the bishop in private, as a wise mother does her husband, of the circumstances and needs of each family and ward member; and then administering in the homes, from the substance supplied by the bishops from fast offerings and bishops' storehouses, the assistance determined upon by the bishop in consultation with the Relief Society president. Sometimes with consummate skill they properly "provoke the brethren (the bishops) to good works, in looking to the wants of the poor, searching after objects of charity, and in administering to their wants," as the Prophet Joseph said they might.

Much of the foregoing work and ministration is of a confidential nature requiring special skill, and is therefore to be done under the immediate supervision of the bishop and the Relief Society president.

THERE is another field of activity, however, in which every member of the Society may and most of them do participate. It is in the production of the Welfare budget. Annually, each ward undertakes to produce, in so far as it may, commodities—food, clothing, and fuel—which may be needed during the coming season by members of the ward who will not be able to care for themselves. Certain surpluses to be made available to other wards are likewise produced. From the total of these surpluses, all bishops in the Church may obtain needed commodities which cannot be produced in their own localities. This is the annual Welfare budget. What the ward undertakes to produce is determined by the bishop and the ward Relief Society president, in consultation with the stake welfare committee. The budget, therefore, reaches the ward through the welfare organization from the General Church Welfare Committee, and members of the General Relief Society Presidency are advisers to that Board. The production of the budget is a ward responsibility under the leadership of the bishop and his ward welfare committee, of which the ward Relief Society president and work director are members. In too many instances the raising of the finances for the clothing budget is improperly left to the Relief Society. This is a ward responsibility, and should be arranged for by the ward welfare committee as a whole, under the leadership of the bishop. The Relief Society should not be asked to bear this whole burden.

An objective of Church Welfare is to afford opportunities for those who need or may need the commodities to produce them, in so far as they may and will. But the fact remains that the production of such items as bedding, clothing, kitchen and bathroom linen, as also the processing of meats, fruits, and vegetables, is assigned to and in large measure accomplished by the Relief Society sisters. This is a tremendous undertaking, far and away greater than could be accomplished out of the funds formerly collected by the Relief Society, and carrying

succor and relief to many more needy than the funds formerly collected could provide for. The following figures will suggest the increased activity for helping the poor which has come to the Relief Society sisters participating in this service, and will suggest also the amount of that service and the numbers joining therein.

Reports reveal that in 1943 alone —1944 statistics are not yet available—the Relief Society sisters made through their sewing services nearly a quarter million (244,636) articles, and that nearly three quarter million (709,494) hours were given to this service; 32,892 women per month participated; 23,114 of these articles were quilts of high quality and utility value. Not all of these items were for the Church Welfare budget, but a substantial part of them were.

Canned for the bishops' storehouse program, in 1943, were 1,300,000 cans of vegetables, fruits, jams, and spreads, and 33,800 cans of meat, fish, and fowl. Most of the work involved in this processing was done by members of the Relief Society.

We doubt if any other women's philanthropic organization in the world can parallel this remarkable record.

Sisters of the Relief Society, your unbroken record of loyal service to the objects set before you by the Prophet of the new dispensation deserves the approval of heaven and the plaudits of men. It is gratifying to know that, at the beginning of your second century, you are continuing with all the good works of the past, and that you are, at the same time, moving in to wider fields of service with renewed faith and vigor.

May the Lord grant that, ministering under the power of his spirit, you may so serve the distressed of this and future generations that they may have added cause "to rejoice and pour forth blessings on your heads."

EASTER TIME

Ruth H. Chadwick

As the drabness of the winter
Melts beneath a warmer sky,
All the gentle, stirring breezes
Invigorate, and cry

The message of each living thing—
Each blade of grass so green,
Each swelling bud, each quivering tree,
The urge of powers unseen.

This gift of life, again renewed,
A throbbing, pulsing force,
Rises from its winter's sleep
To beautify its source.

These symbols of the springtime,
Flaunt new banners of the year;
Then Easter comes around to bless,
And sanctify and cheer.

Are We Getting Ready for 1947 One-Hundredth Anniversary Program?

The Honorable Herbert B. Maw
Governor of the State of Utah

Prepared by Governor Maw at the request of the Church Beautification Committee.

THE State of Utah is definitely and officially in favor of a state-sponsored celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the arrival in Salt Lake Valley of the Utah pioneers. The Utah Statutes provide that "the exposition provided in connection with the centennial observance shall be officially opened on May 1, 1947, and continue to October 15, 1947." This law was passed in 1939. It followed the recommendations of a committee authorized by a joint resolution adopted by the Legislature in 1937.

The Act states that its purpose is "to commemorate the advent of the pioneers into Salt Lake Valley, to portray fittingly the natural resources and scenic wonders of Utah, the prehistoric culture of the west, the development of irrigation, farming, mining, forestry, transportation, culture and the arts." The law authorizes a Centennial Commission of fifteen members, selected "without regard to political or other affiliations" who serve without compensation, to be confirmed by the State Senate and to hold office as members of a body corporate for ten years, thus continuing until the completion of the celebration and exposition, and the winding up of its affairs. The members include President David O. McKay, of Salt Lake City, as chairman; Former Governor Charles R. Mabey, J. F. Fitzpatrick, S. O. Bennion, David H. Thomas, John M. Wallace, D. M. Draper, Gus P. Backman, Donald P. Lloyd, and Postmaster I. A. Smoot, all of Salt Lake City; Mrs. Rosella F. Larkin and J. A. Howell, of Ogden; F. P. Champ, of Logan; A. O. Ellett, at that time a Provo resident; and Senator Ward C. Holbrook, of Bountiful. The late Nephi L. Morris, of Salt Lake City, was a member of the Commission at the time of his death.

The Commission was instructed by the Act creating it to "plan and arrange for a fitting centennial observance in the year 1947, with appropriate provision being made therefor in such communities and at such scenic, historical, cultural and recreational centers of attraction from Yellowstone Park on the north to Boulder Dam on the south and from the Salt Flats on the west to the Dinosaur Quarries on the east, as the Commission may designate, and to hold and maintain an exposition on some appropriate site to be selected by it."

The Centennial Commission has wide authority to proceed as its considered judgment may direct.

In retrospect, this project for a new kind of World's Fair—one in which the main attractions were to be some of the world's greatest wonders and some of its most attractive scenery—"in place"—must appear a bold one, and worthy of the sturdy independence of the pioneers who came to this desert region a century ago and here developed a new form of western culture based on irrigation, the range, and the mine. Such plans were all the more remarkable because, at the time they were forming, this State and the world at large were steeped in the most severe and most widely spread economic depression in history. Many citizens were pinching their last few pennies. Schools and other public institutions were getting along on pittances far below their needs. At such a time, it required both courage and leadership on the part of men of vision to rally support for an undertaking which would require large expenditures, one from which the returns, though perhaps certain, would be largely intangible.

Then war intervened. A far-seeing National Government inaugurated an emergency defense program in 1939 and 1940. After December 7, 1941, this country was plunged into the most destructive struggle in all history. Wartime needs would not be denied. Men and women were summoned to battle. Vast projects were initiated. Labor shortages became acute. Rigid priorities were established.

Today, Utah boys and girls are fighting and dying on the battlefronts of the world to preserve that way of life for which their pioneer ancestors gave their all. We cannot and we must not let them down.

Is all, then, lost? Has everything been sacrificed on Mars' bloody altar? Must we entirely forego the duty we owe to the founders of this commonwealth, to honor their courage and their self-sacrifice, to pay fitting tribute to their daring and resourcefulness? Is there no way in which we can renew the ideals for which they lived and died? Those ideals have made this State and the Intermountain Region great. They have stirred the hearts of men to battle for freedom and to love their fellow man.

The men and women Utah desires to honor were not in the habit of giving up their plans because difficulties confronted. Their sons and daughters and those who followed the pioneers into this land will profit by their example, will display the same independence and leadership. Utahns will not permit the murk of war to blot out the centennial of the State's founding. Wartime conditions may restrict the extent of the celebration. They cannot obliterate the memory of the Utah pioneers, nor can they quench the ardor and enthusiasm of the celebrants.

WHAT sort of celebration shall be attempted if the war with Germany and Japan is still being desperately waged in 1947? Are we prepared with an adequate program if world peace has come by that time? Or if either of the remaining Axis foes is still on his feet?

The answer to these queries becomes fairly obvious. Such observance of the centennial is always pos-

Torlus Knaphus

THE HANDCART

sible as will not require great expenditures of manpower suitable for military service or war industry work. In the meantime, plans must be formulated—blueprints drawn, if you like—ready to be put into action the minute manpower and materials become available should hostilities cease or slacken.

It would seem basic, for example, that, in order to celebrate properly, the State must take on a holiday attire. This is something in which each resident can join. There is nothing in war's demands that requires broken-down fences, filthy corrals, dilapidated outbuildings or unpainted homes. Rather do neatness and order go hand-in-hand with efficient, productive labor, and that is one of the essentials of the war effort. Let Utah, then, dress up in honor of her pioneer founders. That much groundwork for an adequate celebration certainly is possible.

Other forms of observance which require little or no extra drain on the State's manpower can be encouraged. An art exhibition, an Easter pageant, a State or County Fair, any activity which has become a customary and periodic outlet for community effort can tell the story of a century during which civilization and the modern way of life were established on the unpromising and hostile desert. Let the management and sponsors of all such community events redouble their efforts to make the 1947 version far excel all its predecessors. It will prove an eloquent tribute to the greatness of the enterprise the Utah pioneers instituted.

These are but suggestions for a beginning of the groundwork of the centennial program. Other and more definite features will be worked out as circumstances permit.

The main idea is that this great historic occasion can and must be fittingly commemorated.

The spirit of the pioneers of western irrigation is not dead. That same indomitable courage and ingenuity which enabled them to direct the harsh natural forces to man's benefit will encourage us, their sons and daughters, to pay adequate tribute to our forefathers' accomplishments.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY

MAY I begin by saying that the Relief Society of the Church is far and away the greatest woman's organization in the world. It is great not alone in its aims and purposes, which are to alleviate the want, misery, and suffering of humanity; not alone in its almost earth-wide reach, for it covers the bulk of the Christian world; not alone in the achievements of its activities, though it has brought to the needy, living where it worked, food, clothing, shelter, fuel; not though it has nursed those who were sick, buried the dead of the poor, comforted those who were downhearted; not though it has sustained those who were weak in spirit, built up righteousness in the hearts of the wayward, and brought the living truth into the homes of all who give it an abiding place, to their salvation and final exaltation,—the Relief Society is greatest, not alone because of all these, but because its directing head and the great bulk of all those who make up its membership share as of right in the blessings and promises of the priesthood borne by their husbands—the Holy Priesthood of God; greatest because its leaders and members have the right to the inspiration of the Lord in the carrying on of their work; greatest because in their work of now almost a century they have been richly endowed by that inspiration, they have been constantly directed by the Spirit of the Lord which has never departed from them since the Prophet brought a few (18) of the sisters together and set them about their work. These, Sisters, have been your sacred opportunities, and your glorious, Christ-like achievements.—President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., Relief Society Conference Address, "Our Homes," October 3, 1940.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto its nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

—Emily Dickinson

Easter and the Second Coming of the Lord

Elder Leo J. Muir

Former President Los Angeles Stake
And Former President Northern States Mission (Chicago)

AS thoughtful and devout Christians celebrate the coming Easter season, their minds and hearts are likely to be beckoned forward to the coming of the Master, rather than backward to his resurrection. Christ's triumphant arising from the tomb is being overshadowed by the nearness of his second coming to the earth. The early future promises to realize for mankind the prophetic salutation: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

Here indeed is heaven's supreme salutatory to mortal man. This proclamation has provoked more discussion and speculation than any other word or prophecy. The unbeliever has jested about it and ridiculed it. Many people have predicted its immediate fulfillment all down the generations of time. The devout have fearfully and reverently awaited God's day for its fulfillment.

The signs of the times point to the early coming of this glorious spectacle—the coming to earth of the Lord Jesus Christ in the clouds of heaven. That we might contemplate this auspicious occasion in its full significance, let us review briefly the scenes in the great drama which closed with this marvelous prophecy. The events of the Passion Week are punctuated by a few sentences which stand out in bold relief against the dismal background of shame and sorrow.

Out of the peaceful, yet disturbing, ceremony of the Last Supper came the immortal injunction: "This do ye in remembrance of me."

From the shadowed precincts and the deep anguish of Gethsemane came the grief-laden prayer of the Master: "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt."

"And they crucified him" is the laconic account of the cruel and gruesome tragedy of Golgotha. These colorless words—a conjunction, two pronouns, and a verb—record the fact of the execution of the Son of God, who died that death may be no more. On death's own battlefield, Christ the Lord destroyed death for the children of men.

"Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews" was the accusation written in three languages: the Hebrew, the Greek, and the Latin. The first of these is the tongue through which God had revealed his will to his prophets; the second is the language of the literature and the learning of that day; and the third, the language

of the conquering race which then held the Holy Land under subjection. This superscription, thus written, heralded to all people the alleged reason for the conviction and crucifixion of the Christ. The "Chief Priest of the Jews" protested that the accusation was not right: that it should indicate that Christ had said he was King of the Jews. Pilate stubbornly refused to alter the superscription and there it stood. It must have pleased the heart of Jesus to know that his true status as King of the Jews was so boldly proclaimed.

"Truly this was the Son of God" was the emphatic verdict of the Roman centurion who had, as an officer on guard, observed the stupid and brutal performance.

"He is risen" came as the calm and solemn assurance of the angel who answered the excited inquiry of "Mary Magdalene and the other Mary." Though calmly spoken, and to these two women alone, these angelic words reflect the triumphant climax in this eternal drama. And what triumph it was indeed; not alone for the resurrected Christ, who knew full well that he would arise, but for these faithful women and for all the disciples to whom they carried the glorious message. They reasoned that if Christ arose from the tomb, man also will arise from his tomb. In this fact mortal life finds its loftiest hope. No greater boon could be fashioned for the souls of men. The two women doubted not the report of the angel, but, at his bidding, hastened "with fear and great joy" to carry the glad tidings to those whom Christ affectionately called "my brethren." On the way they met the Christ, and were requested to summon his disciples to meet him in a mountain in Galilee. Here in the uplands, against the sky, the Christ—whose ministry was now given new force and power—gave final instruction to those who should follow him.

"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." In these humble, yet powerful words, the Master transmitted to his "brethren" the spiritual momentum of the resurrection. As all power was given unto him in heaven and in earth, so a measure of that power would be theirs. Possessed of that power, they were to go forth teaching all nations and bringing them into the fold of Christ. No greater task was ever given to man! But these were empowered men. Their leader had risen from the tomb. The glory and the power of the resurrected Lord motivated their deeds. The Lord's assurance "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" became at once their authority and their commission. The labor and sacrifices of these men in the dark years that followed, bear indubitable evidence that they were motivated by this authority and commission. Thus the divine drama ends. The story of the mortal sojourn of the Christ is told.

NOW comes a new disclosure of eternal import. The risen Lord ascends into the heavens, as was expected. But, "while they looked

steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Thus, as one drama is ended, a new one is proclaimed. As the people in his day looked forward to his resurrection, the generations following thereafter have looked forward to his second coming.

Such is our situation today. This generation of men may well witness the fulfillment of this earth-shaking prophesy. But we must be ready for it, for Christ is to come to a people prepared for him. Where is that people? Will the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints be prepared to play that role?

Let us ponder for a moment those words of the Roman centurion: "Truly this was the Son of God." Centuries before the birth of Christ, Isaiah had foretold that men should call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, "God with us." Joseph called his name Jesus. Herod, seeking to destroy the infant Christ, asked, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

Heaven had proclaimed him Wonderful, Counseller, The mighty God, the everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace, Jehovah, Messiah, Son of David, the Word, the Lamb of God, the Lion of the house of Judah, the Redeemer, the Brightness of the Father's glory, the God of Jacob, the Glory of his people Israel.

The Master bore testimony of his own mission in this fashion: "I AM," "I am the bread of life," "I am the way of truth and the life," "I am the resurrection and the life."

The Christ has been introduced by the Father in these endearing words, "This is my beloved Son."

The scriptures proclaim that the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy, and it is affirmed that the government shall be upon his shoulders and of his kingdom there shall be no end.

All this was unknown to the Roman centurion, yet without this knowledge, this officer of the law deduced the profound truth, the most significant fact in the story of mortal life: "Truly this was the Son of God."

Upon that question all men must take their stand. "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." "Every knee must bow and every tongue confess that Jesus is the Christ."

One does not need the discernment of the Roman centurion to comprehend that the power of the Lord Jesus Christ is today dominating the course of world events. He has promised that he will pour out his spirit upon all flesh. Addressing himself to the house of Israel, he has said: "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: . . . I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them. . . . I will call for the corn, and will increase it, and lay no famine upon you. . . . Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall lothe yourselves

in your own sight for your iniquities and for your abominations." Following these assurances of the cleansing of Israel and of her repentance comes this notable pronouncement: "Thus saith the Lord God; I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them."

It would seem proper to assume that this action on the part of the house of Israel must precede the second coming of the Lord. When the house of Israel—however, it may be constituted or represented—makes this request of the Lord God "to do it for them," we may be assured that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—intrusted as it is and has been with the commission to gather Israel, and with the keys and authorities of the dispensation of Abraham—will assume vast and definite responsibilities in this memorializing the God of Israel. The mountain of the Lord's house has been established in the tops of the mountains, and has been exalted above the hills; and all nations have flowed unto it. So also has John gone forth in the spirit of Elias, and has turned the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; and has thus "made ready a people prepared for the Lord."

MARCH MOODS

Jeanette P. Parry

March with a snowy overcoat.
And ice about his chin,
Is blowing up another storm
Before springtime comes in.

The pussywillow, wise and gay,
Has donned a warm, fur coat;
She smiles at teas and fashion shows
Where subtle perfumes float.

The snowdrop, foolish child of Spring,
Stands barefoot in the storm;
She thinks her filmy, short, white dress
Will serve to keep her warm.

Third Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

Though A Host Encamp Against Thee

Dorothy Clapp Robinson

JULIA scraped the coals closer under her bakeoven. Even if she was nearly eleven, bread-making took the starch right out of her. The wood Isaac brought didn't make good coals. She was going to tell Pa—well, maybe not now. Lately Pa didn't seem to love them any more than Heavenly Father did. It wasn't as if they didn't know, 'cause they did. All year the saints had talked and prayed about it, and if that wasn't enough there were her own secret prayers. No, Heavenly Father didn't have the excuse of not knowing; but Pa might not know about the chopping. At noon she had tried to tell him.

"I am not leaving." He had scowled at her. "Nothing short of the United States Army will move me."

Julia didn't know about the United States Army. All she knew was Johnson Army. Everybody was moving south to get away from him. Everybody, but them. Julia wasn't hankering for a move. She'd had too many of them. This place in the canyon was the only real home she could remember. But burning it and moving south would be better than the chopping.

DOROTHY CLAPP ROBINSON

"Brother Williams says he is following the Move so his family will be safe."

For a moment Pa hadn't spoken. When he did, his voice was the way it sometimes got when they talked about Ma.

"Maybe I should have taken you to your grandma; but Grantsville is a long way." He looked about the

room. "I snaked these logs out of the canyon. Your Ma helped me raise them. I will put my trust in the Lord and stay here."

When Pa used that tone of voice there was no use going on. Trusting was all right for him. He was an old man, nearly thirty-six, and old men are not afraid. Dorcas Williams had whispered to her about the chopping. She said when Old Johnson Army got to the Valley, if he found any young'uns there, he would cut off their ears, and maybe chop off both hands and both feet. Like Squaw Bill. She'd done something and the bucks of her tribe had chopped off her hands. Now she lived with the Williamses.

After banking the fire Julia went outside. At the woodpile she found a long, thick sliver. She would use it to try the bread. Sister Williams had put her on to that. No sense trusting to looks. The first time she had baked after Ma died, she had her lesson. Because the bread was brown she'd thought it was done. Spreading one of Ma's snowy dishwipers on the hearth, she had lifted the oven to turn out the bread. Instead of coming out in loaves, the crust had broken; and dough had run all over the dishwiper. She'd scooped it back in a hurry with her bare hands, so none of it would be wasted. That had been a mess with burned hands and only slow-poke Sally to help.

As Julia started toward the house with her sliver, she saw a curl of smoke far down the Valley—then another. The burning had started! That meant Old Johnson Army was close. She sat down on a stump and tears trickled down her thin cheeks. Oh, Ma, why couldn't you have stayed. Pa would listen to you.

President Young when he was up to see Pa said, "You're a brave girl, and don't worry, Ma is happy." Huh. Heaven must be something; or Ma had changed in a hurry. She knew Hi was only ten months old and that Sally was slow as molasses in a snowdrift. Well, maybe Old Johnson Army would kill all of them. It would be a relief, at that, to turn Sally and Isaac over to Ma.

FOR supper they had bread'n'milk and Injun-meal mush. Pa got a slice of the new bread. He worked hard, and if he liked it, he might listen about the chopping. He liked it. He even said Julia would soon be as good a breadmaker as her mother; but when she tried to talk "Move" he laid down his spoon and looked at her.

"I am not being chased out of my home again. Besides, when you put your trust in the Lord you leave it up to him."

"We'll be alone. Everybody is going."

"Some won't go. You wouldn't want to go without me, would you?"

"No-o." She blinked back the tears that stung her eyeballs. The young'uns had all stopped eating to listen. "No, but there is Tommy and Baby—."

Pa broke a crust of his new bread and gave it to Baby Hi, who was in the highchair by him. He put an extry spoonful of molasses on Tommy's mush. The quiet was something turrible, and Pa's hand shook so some of the molasses spilled. At last he looked straight at Julia. He really was an old man.

"I have thought about it, and

prayed about it, and listened to counsel. I am going to stay."

Just then Isaac tipped over his milk. Julia boxed his ears, but by the time she'd cleaned it up Pa was gone, saying he was going to work late at the gristmill. He took John with him. John was two years older than Julia, and worked with Pa now.

Later, Julia lay staring into the darkness. She was in Pa's bed in the front room so she could watch Tommy and Baby. There was no use closing her eyes when Old Johnson Army stayed right in front of them.

She raised on her elbow. By the light of the moon shining through the open doorway she could see the little ones. Baby Hi had one chubby fist under his cheek. Tommy was on his back with arms and legs outstretched. Just imagine that old sooner hurting them! She didn't care if Pa got clean out of patience with her; she was not going to see them hurt. If neither Pa nor Heavenly Father was going to do anything, she would have to.

SLOWLY an idea came to her. It grew and grew. She would get Bally from the pasture. He was gentle and would carry five. She would bundle some didies and food, and they would leave before Pa got back. With them gone, Pa and John could hide. It was turrible to go agin your own father, but she had a duty to the young'uns.

Slipping out of bed, she dressed hurriedly. As she stood a moment in the doorway, a lump swelled in her throat. Something just like one of Ma's arms held her tight to the place. The moon was high. The mountains had moved close and the run-along song of the crick was enough to wake the dead. Warm chills ran up her back. After the heat and dust of the plains it was like—well, like having Ma after not having her.

Leaving the yard, she walked toward the pasture where they kept Bally. The gristmill stood out like a ghost. It was made of logs, like the house. Until lately, both had seemed so safe and strong. Especially after the plains.

She couldn't remember Nauvoo much, and about all she could remember of Winter Quarters was tents and wagons. She could remember how cold the Platte River was for she had fallen into it. She could remember an Injun trying to buy her, and she could remember Jim Bridger's squaws. Leastways she could remember their bright blankets. But her best remembering was of heat and dust, and how tired her legs got gathering buffalo chips.

She had never rightly understood about the moving. Everyone said, have faith, the Lord will give us a home, but that hadn't stopped the wagons. Until they reached the Valley, it hadn't. No one had kept up with the moving more willingly than the Phippens. She didn't blame Pa for not wanting to start that again. Still—.

Bally wasn't in the pasture. Just her luck to have Pa using him. She'd sneak up. If the mill was running, she might get him away without being heard.

There was no light in the mill. The big door was open but there was no sign of Pa or John. The inside dark was so quiet she could hear a rat gnawing. What if they had skipped? For shame, Julia

Phippen. Pa'd never do that in Kingdom Come. You thought that 'cause you are doing it to him. But she was taking the young'uns to safety.

A sound from the hillside made her turn. She waited breathlessly until it came again. It was Bally sneezing. Now what was he doing up there?

Slipping from shadow to shadow she approached a small grove on a near slope. Within the grove was a small cave where the young'uns often played. Among the trees the light was dim, and, for a moment, she could see nothing. Then she saw them. They must have been using him, for Bally was tied to a quaker. Pa and John were piling brush and dead branches over the mouth of the cave, but helter-skelter to make it look natural.

"Think anyone will find it?" she heard John ask.

"Never," Pa answered. "We can move it after the trouble is over."

Julia forgot Bally. She forgot why she had come. She remembered only that here was more trouble, and different than she had dreamed of. Now she couldn't run out on Pa no matter what he had done.

Back in bed she tried to smother her hard breathing. Directly she heard them come in. Baby Hi fussed a little as Pa lay down beside him, but almost at once Pa was snoring. Then Julia looked at her thoughts.

They had buried something. It must be turrible or they wouldn't make a secret of it. Maybe they had killed an Injun, or maybe even Old Johnson Army. Maybe he had come sneaking around to do the chopping and they had beat him to it. Pa was in Dutch either way. If it was Johnson Army, the Gove'ment—she didn't know what that was but everyone talked about it—would be on his trail. If it was an Injun—her heart beat suffocatingly. You can't fool Injuns for long. Besides, Pa might be called before the Brethren. He might even be in danger of hell-fire. The scriptures said something about shedding innocent blood. She hoped Injun blood wasn't too innocent, but who had the say-so? Every way she looked there was a thick black wall. She just had to have help. She'd try Heavenly Father again. Ma had been strong on prayer.

Slipping out of bed she knelt down and put her face against the bedding. Protect them all, especially Pa and John, and if it had to be a killing they'd done, let it be Johnson Army. Some good would come of that, but killing an Injun would be all bad. Let Pa lose his stubborn streak and light out, come daybreak. Maybe they could still catch up with the others.

Suddenly, she realized she was talking more to Ma than to Heavenly Father. Likely he would overlook it, seeing she was one of his newest angels.

JULIA woke, heavy with dread, but the morning was so bright she could almost believe she dreamed about the cave. If her prayer was to be answered, now was the time. Pa was stirring the mush when she entered the kitchen. She hastened to wipe off the table and set out the dishes. All the time she listened for the word from Pa, but it didn't come. Her mush stuck in her throat. Maybe Heavenly Father

hadn't liked the way she prayed after all. She hadn't said *thy will* 'cause she wanted *her* will this time.

Three times she caught Pa looking at her. He told her again what a good bake she got on the bread. He warned Isaac and Sally he'd tend to them if they didn't help more. As he was leaving, he took his gun.

"Keep—no bring the young'uns up to the mill when your work is done. They can play around up there."

Julia made herself real busy so she wouldn't look at him. Her last hope was gone. A heavy ache inside made her feet big and her hands slow.

Pa pretended to be working hard, but he stopped every little while to stand looking. Most often his eyes turned toward the canyon where lay the road into the Valley. He kept his gun close beside him.

The sun hadn't found the bottom of the canyon yet when a rider came pounding up to the yard of the mill. It was Jim Ashley, and Pa came out to talk to him.

"This is your last chance," Julia heard Jim say. "Tomorrow will be too late. What's a mill anyway?"

"The saints will need flour wherever they are." Pa spoke real slow but every word stood out. "Mills don't grow on trees. I am staying with mine."

Julia was right proud of him for a minute; but if Brother Ashley couldn't budge him, no one could. The best she could do was keep the young'uns close around. What happened to one would happen to all.

About noon Lafe Cartright came by. He had been left to do the burning if it came to that. Some, he said, had got in a hurry and done the burning themselves. Pa agreed that was foolish.

"Well, it will soon be over," Lafe called, as he rode away.

Julia was past all feeling. If the worst was to come, it would, only she hadn't thought God would be one-sided. She had tried to be good; as good as Dorcas, but the Williamses were safe. 'Course she couldn't put all the blame on Heavenly Father, but if he could move mountains why couldn't he change Pa's mind?

As soon as Lafe was out of sight, Julia moved Baby Hi close by the mill steps. She called Tommy to come play on the blanket with him. She tried to mend, but the patch kept puckering. Finally she threw it aside. The minutes were endless.

Suddenly, John let go with a loud yell from the roof of the mill where Pa had stationed him. "Here they come."

Quicker than skat Pa shinned up the corner of the mill and was looking to where John pointed. Isaac and Sally climbed the big tree that hung over the crick.

"I can see them," Isaac shouted, and Sally added her, "I can, too."

Julia started to climb the mill, but halfway up she turned back. The mill roof was too far away. She stood on a stump near the babies. She looked where the others were looking, and, suddenly, she saw a thousand or maybe even a million points of light, like the sun hitting guns.

"What is it?" she called, eager to share what the others were seeing.

"The Army," Pa was breathing hard like he had been running. "Johnson's Army. Caught up with us at last."

"I can't see good," Sally cried. Trying to move, she slipped and fell into the water with a yell and a splash.

By the time they had pulled her out and changed her clothes and rubbed arnica on her bruises, the Army was gone. Pa went back up and locked the mill, and then he helped lay out an early supper. He even got a jar of Ma's sarvis-berry jelly. Three times in the night, Julia heard him walking around.

LATE evening of the next day, Jim Ashley came back. Pa hadn't been at the mill all day, and it seemed he couldn't wait for Jim to get there. He went a piece to meet him. When he came back he sat down on the doorstep. He looked so happy Julia sat down beside him. The young'uns, except John, were in bed; and darkness filled all the hollows.

"What did Jim say?" she asked finally.

"It's over." Pa's voice sounded as young as John's only it didn't squeak. "The Lord was with us even as I doubted."

Julia looked at him in surprise. "Were you afraid?"

"I was scared stiff."

"What's Johnson's Army, Pa, and why did the saints have to move?"

"We thought we were in for trouble again. We thought the soldiers would take our homes and we were not going to let that happen again. We would burn them first. That is why men were left to set fires."

The girl looked around at the mountains in the back, with the moon just peeping over the rim. She looked at the lake in the distance, and the sloping Valley between. It was wonderful to have a home that was safe and strong—and a Pa that was scared but stayed anyway. She could talk to him now. Words tripped over her tongue trying to get said. She told about the chopping and how she thought Johnson Army was a cruel giant. She even owned up to her feelings against him and Heavenly Father.

Pa listened without saying a word. It was bright moonlight now, and she could see slow tears run down into his whiskers. He drew her close against him.

"Poor little young'un," he said, "I have been so wrapped up in my own worries I have overlooked yours. I have expected too much of you, but it seems like you are my right hand."

Julia hardly breathed. She didn't want to spoil the sweetness of that moment, but she must know one thing more.

"What about the Injun, Pa?"

"What Injun?" his voice was puzzled.

"The one you buried in the cave."

Slowly Pa's eyes came alive. He started to laugh, quietly at first, then lively. She hadn't heard such fun in his voice since before Ma took sick.

"The Injun we buried was flour. That is why Brother Young was up to see me. We thought we might lose the mill but we couldn't take chances on the flour." Through the soft light she could see the trust in his eyes. "We were wrong, both of us. We forgot there are many ways for prayers to be answered. His way was much better than yours or

mine. The Army has gone on down to the Jordan. There isn't going to be any trouble."

Suddenly the breadmaking, the care of the young'uns were mere trifles. Heavenly Father had remembered them. A verse Ma used to read came to her mind. "Some put their trust in chariots; and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord, our God." Yes. She would always remember.

Dorothy Clapp Robinson, third prize winner in the Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1944, is well known to *Magazine* readers through her excellent contributions to this publication. Mrs. Robinson is a gifted writer of prose, poetry, and fiction. The continued story "Forward Without Fear" which was concluded in the February 1945 issue of the *Magazine* is her work, She is a contributor to other Church periodicals as well, and she frequently markets her work with national publications of recognized merit. She has been active with writers' groups whose purpose is to stimulate creative writing, improve writing techniques, and acquaint writers with markets for their work. At present, she is president of the Idaho Writers' League. Mrs. Robinson appreciates the efforts of fellow writers and aids and encourages them in writing through intelligent analysis of their work. She is a capable teacher and a devoted Latter-day Saint. She is now serving as counselor in charge of education on the Boise Stake Relief Society Board.

TO A LOST FLYER

Bessie Jarvis Payne

In memory of Captain Lee Jarvis Halling
Killed in action—May 5, 1944

Dedicated to his mother
Rose Jarvis Halling

Wings approaching in the sky,
Slowing as they pass me by,
Dipping now in brief goodbye—
O'er this home.

Wings against the azure deep,
Eager flight into the street,
Straining eyes that must not weep—
Till peace is won.

Wings above the ocean's foam
Winging far from friends and home,
Must you never cease to roam—
Dearest one?

Wings upon the sun-splashed hills
Casting shadows o'er the rills,
Soaring high, as my heart thrills—
Then you're gone.

Broken wings in downward sweep,
Swiftly be the fate you meet,
Rest now in eternal sleep—
Oh, my son.

The Story of a Gifted Lady

Leah D. Widtsoe

ALICE MERRILL HORNE

HE was an unlearned, ordinary looking farmer's lad, who had spent his days at farm drudgery, for his parents were struggling to make the farm produce a scanty living for their growing family. But within him dwelt the power to see beauty in the glowing sunsets, the bright tints of autumn, and the glorious light effects on the mountains, clouds, and valleys wherever he worked. Even the good earth talked to him as he turned the brown furrows for spring planting. He also possessed the gift of putting on paper or canvas or anything on which he could lay his hands, the pictures which crowded through his mind.

So, instead of spending his scanty earnings on new clothes, or guns and powder, with which to kill God's innocent creatures, he bought paper, crayons, paints, and oils, and transferred the pictures of his mind to paper or canvas, until his home was crowded with the results of his leisure efforts. At first his mother encouraged him, but later began to feel that he should be spending his time on something more profitable. Then one day, through a lucky chance, he met

A Fairy Godmother

She took the time to visit his home, recognized his gift, and told him that he should cultivate it. When told how impossible that would be financially, she volunteered to sell his pictures, thereby helping him to raise money with which to attend a great art school in the East.

Then this dainty, but indomitable, art patron went to a number of the well-to-do people in the city, told them the story of the gifted farmer's lad, and soon had sold enough of his pictures to enable him to achieve the ambition of his life.

This good lady has rendered similar service for many of Utah's gifted sons and daughters. She has been, and still is, a real fairy godmother

to them, and through her encouragement has taken a leading role in making Utah art conscious. Wouldn't you like to know more about her? Her life story begins in the days when the pioneers were called to settle remote parts of the (then) Territory, and it bristles with tales of Indian unrest as well as the romance of state-building. It is as exciting and interesting as any which begins with the intriguing

Once Upon A Time

Once in a very great while, an especially gifted spirit is sent to earth to take a body and become a blessing to many people and the state, as well as to family and friends. Such a precious spirit came to the frontier log cabin home of Clarence Merrill and Bathsheba Smith, who were each descended from stalwart Utah pioneers.

The father was called by Brigham Young to learn telegraphy, and then to settle first at Cove Creek Fort, that outpost of Indian activity, and later to take care of telegraph operations at Fillmore, which was then the capital of Utah Territory. There a baby daughter was born to them, and was named Alice Smith Merrill. She grew to be a lovely child, who was later to honor highly the name and the lineage she bears. Two of her great-grandparents, Patriarch John Smith and his wife Clarissa Loomis Lyman, were pioneers of 1847, and all four of her grandparents were early pioneers also. Her grandfather, George A. Smith, was both Church historian and first counselor to President Brigham Young, while her grandmother, Bathsheba W. Smith, was the fourth general president of the Relief Society. Two of her great-grandparents passed away before reaching the "Valley." Thus Alice is a true daughter of pioneers, and the fourth generation of believers in the restored gospel of Jesus Christ.

The girlhood of this favored child was passed in the ideal environment of a fine, two-story brick home (evolved from the log cabin) located in a quarter block of garden and orchard, in company with a large family of brothers and sisters to help make life a round of merriment as well as of struggle. There were vegetables and fruits to be gathered in summer, wild strawberries and native black currants, choke cherries, and service berries to be brought from the canyons; fruit to be canned and dried in autumn; with quilt blocks to make and rags to be sewed for carpets during the long winter hours when school was out. These chores were varied with pleasurable activities, for her parents were leaders in the Fillmore Dramatic Society, as well as being gifted with musical talents. Around the family hearthstone the family often re-enacted stirring scenes from history or from Shakespeare, each dressing, as best he could, in character.

The mother always had a lovely flower garden, and Alice early learned to appreciate the beauties of mountains, streams, blue skies, and cloud effects, as well as the glories of summer gardens and winter scenes of snowy grandeur. In fact, the love of beauty seemed to be a part of her very being, for she sought it in the everyday tasks as well as in her moments of leisure. She loved to draw, and early showed aptitude in transferring to paper the

images of her mind. She was a good student also, for when but a child she took a prize in the old rock schoolhouse as the best reader. Then when but eight years old came her

Great Adventure

After the passing of her grandfather, George A. Smith, her grandmother ("Aunt Bathsheba" to all the other daughters of Zion) was living alone, and lonely. So she invited her granddaughter, Alice, to come to "the city" and live with her in the old Historian's Office, next to the magnificent Gardo House, which was then the official residence of the president of the Church.

What a rare experience for this beauty-loving child! Here she helped her grandmother read and sort old letters, classified the hundreds of pictures her grandfather had brought from his trips to Europe and the Holy Land, met and learned to know all the great men and women of early Mormon history, who were intimate friends of her grandmother. From a child to young womanhood, she became associated with the early development of the Relief Society in the new Zion; also the Retrenchment Society, as well as the suffrage movement for Women's Rights, so-called. Meetings for these activities, as well as those of the Women's Deseret Hospital, *Woman's Exponent* (the pioneer women's newspaper), and many others of pioneer interest, were all conducted in her grandmother's back parlor. Alice was an ardent listener and youthful participant. It is no wonder that she became "organization-minded." When but nine years old she felt to organize the young girls into a society, which they called "The Juvenile Association." She chose six counsellors —instead of two—among them the youngest daughter of Brigham Young, Fanny V., Katie B. Fenton, Lutie Y. Thatcher, Lulu Clawson, Ada Croxall, Edna Wells, with Daisy Woods, a granddaughter of Emmeline B. Wells, as secretary. They visited and prayed for the sick, and later joined, in a body, the first organized Primary Association.

Meanwhile, Alice was using her pencil and sketch book as well as attending school. While in Miss Mary Cook's school, she won the prize for the best drawing—a sketch from memory given by Dr. Ellen B. Ferguson. Later, she won an award given by the early Utah artist and teacher at the University of Deseret —now the University of Utah— George M. Ottinger. Still later, she won a medal offered by the artist J. T. Harwood, which was awarded by John Hafen, one of Utah's greatest artists. This was naturally a stimulus to her innate desire to produce pictures herself, and to foster in others the love of art, to which her life has been devoted.

But art did not claim all her interest. In 1887, she was graduated from the University of Utah. She wrote her thesis on two of Shakespeare's women—Lady Macbeth and Ophelia. Her interest in good literature has always been keen.

In 1890, Alice married George Henry Horne, also a descendant of stalwart pioneers. He was an ideal husband for this talented woman, for besides being a fine man in his own right, he was openminded enough to recognize the gifts of his talented wife and to encourage her

to use them. It takes a big man to do that. In 1893, they visited the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, and later went to New York, Washington, Boston, San Francisco, and the Northwest, visiting especially the art galleries and other places of interest.

In 1894, the young husband was called on a mission to the Southern States. Alice, being a good soldier, taught art in the public schools while he was gone. She also undertook serious work in art from J. T. Harwood, who had just returned from study in the Julian and Beaux Arts Academies of Paris, France. She also studied from Mary Teasdel, student of James McNeill Whistler.

In 1898, she was urged by many friends to run for the legislature. In this, as in her many other activities, her husband counselled her acceptance. Said he, "Wifey," (his pet name for her) "if you want to help Utah to become art-minded, you will have to get in there and work for it." She was elected, and made herself noteworthy by introducing a bill which provided for an annual exhibition and state art collection. Georgina G. Marriott as director of fine arts at the State Fair put the exhibition into Alice's hands, and for five years she made the Art Gallery famous. Instead of giving many prizes, the best pictures were purchased, making them the property of the State as well as encouraging the artists. This greatly encouraged art studies and Utah artists also, establishing the nucleus of an art collection by the State of Utah, which was named in honor of the originator, "The Alice Art Collection." Thus the Utah Art Institute was established, making Utah the first state in the Union to own a state art collection. Many prominent people made gifts of paintings, and this collection of over seventy pictures is now housed in the upper galleries of the State Capitol. After an existence of over forty years and an expenditure of over $60,000, the act was repealed in the interest of the so-called "Modern Art" (or is it art?) which at great expense is trying to convert the public to what is considered the New Art. Mrs. Horne has remained true to her ideals of real beauty, however, and has turned much of her interest to sponsoring and providing art exhibitions for the public schools of the State. She has established over thirty art collections, of from fifteen to fifty paintings, by Utah's best

ALICE MERRILL HORNE
AS A GIRL

artists. Hundreds of exhibitions have been held, and many thousands of dollars have thus been turned to Utah artists—aside from the greater value of instilling a love of beauty and art in the lives of the younger generation.

For fourteen years—from 1902 to 1916—Mrs. Horne was a member of the Relief Society General Board, and while there was active in preparing lessons on art appreciation and landscape study, which were used by the 40,000 members of the Relief Society. A book on this subject "Devotees and Their Shrines, A Handbook of Art" was later published. Another book written in dramatic form called "Columbus Westward Ho!" was published and used in the public schools for a time.

Many other interests claimed her attention during all these years of active service. She is a charter member of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, and was instrumental in framing its constitution and by-laws; she was also its second general president. She sponsored a "Clean Milk for Utah" campaign, and as chairman of Public Health helped, with others, to arouse enough public sentiment to cause rigid inspection to be enforced for the benefit of all, especially babies. Four milk stations were opened in different parts of the city. Many babies died in Salt Lake City—among them her own baby son, **George Henry, Jr.**—while the next summer only one baby death was reported!

Mrs. Horne was also active, with others, in organizing the Smokeless Fuel Federation, and for many years has labored to encourage the use of smokeless fuel and byproducts from Utah coals. She, with other forward-looking women, was instrumental in the formation of the Women's Chamber of Commerce, which has labored to make smokeless fuel a possibility for improving the health of Utah residents and the beauty of her towns and cities.

Honors Have Sought Her

For her many activities, Mrs. Horne has rightly received merited recognition. In 1904, she represented the National Council of Women, as well as the National Women's Relief Society, at the International Council of Women, held in Berlin, Germany. In 1934, she was chosen by the Salt Lake City Council of Women as one of the first outstanding women, named by that body, for her many contributions and life-long promotion of art among the citizens of the State. Her latest honor was received in 1942, when she was given a Medal of Honor from the Academy of Western Culture for her civic service, especially in the promotion of Utah art appreciation and production. A large reception was held in the President's Suite at the Hotel Utah, with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Schreiner, and Mr. and Mrs. Lee Greene Richards in charge of the ceremonies. Many prominent Utahns came to meet the little lady so greatly honored. All these awards have been richly deserved, and have done honor to the donors as well as to the recipient.

One might think that a life so crowded with achievement would be enough for one small lady, but there remains yet to be told

Her Great Achievement

In addition to the many activities enumerated above, her greatest hon-

or and award is the gift of Motherhood. Six children—three sons and three daughters—have come to bless the home of this favored family. Five of them have grown to a useful maturity—Mary, Lyman, Virginia, Zora, and Albert. They are all members of the Church and are leaders in their fields of labor. Two of them, Dr. Lyman and Dr. Albert, are successful doctors of medicine, while the two married daughters—Mary, Mrs. Leo C. Winder, and Zora, Mrs. J. G. Jeppson—are making good homes and raising fine families. They are all active in civic betterment. Mr. Horne met an untimely death in 1934, but the mother has continued to carry on her home duties as well as her many public activities.

Alice has always had a sweet, attractive face; but to those who know her best, it seems that the halo of white hair frames a face growing more mellow and charming with the passing years. Though now approaching what some may designate as "getting on in years," she still seems as young as ever, and is active in staging art exhibits in the Tea Room or a nine-window art show at Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, or some school where art-appreciation is needed. When one sees her "toting" around the heavy pictures, placing them where they receive their best light, or may be seen to the best advantage (so that possible sales may reward the artist), one feels to exclaim, "What a Woman!" How wise to foster a life interest which may remain when children are grown and home ties are lessened! How much better it is to have work to do that helps others more than oneself, rather than to sit idly at home, allowing or expecting one's children to "take care of one's old age." What a glorious thing is independence! What an achievement to know that one's life work is being well done, in spite of circumstances or the passing years. Such a blessing is the well-earned reward of our gifted lady, Alice Merrill Horne. And here, dear friend, while you are living and working, is our bouquet of appreciation and admiration!

GIFTS

Grace A. Cooper

When gods of sound and goddesses of color send
Down gifts to man, their gems and blooms and music blend;
Like silence, drugged, the pearl-gray fog escapes the bay,
Soft murmurs from the golden glow of summer day
Join whispered converse of the leaves of verd and jade;
Late roses echo reds of rubies' deeper shade.
When beryls raise their batons, all is statue-still,
Then amethysts and violets, in cadence, trill;
Turquoise and larkspur improvise a symphony,
The diamond and jasmine play their melody.
Between the black and darkened clouds are silver rifts—
For gods and goddesses, to mankind, blend their gifts.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponents*, March 1 and March 15, 1885

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

Love. This is a little word of only four letters, yet how potent, how powerful, and with it comes our liberty or bondage. If we love right, we are free; free in our souls, pure in our hearts, let come what may, though oft through surrounding circumstances and worldly influence we are swerved from the right, not having the moral courage to resist evil, or know for ourselves the sad results of weakness and hatred until too late. . . .

Where can we find pure love? In the homes of the Latter-day Saints; there it sits enthroned. If sorrow and death visit such a household there is comfort and relief at hand. . . . Our principles are perfect, and we will continue to love them and strive to live them, God being our helper; protect the rights of others, envy no one, be pure in our daily walk in life and leave the result in God's hands.—Zina D. H. Young.

* * * *

Editorial Notes: On Saturday, March 7th, a number of ladies, intimate friends of Mrs. Rachel R. Grant, met at her residence in the 13th Ward, it being the anniversary of the lady's birthday. The time was spent in social converse, supper being announced at six p.m., when the guests repaired to the residence of Apostle H. J. Grant, where a sumptuous repast had been prepared for the occasion. The table was handsomely set out, and the viands were delicious. Mrs. Lucy Grant, the amiable hostess, and her sister, Mrs. Julia Woolley, with Miss Maggie Ivins assisting, waited upon the ladies in the most charming manner, and every one seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves. About ten o'clock the party broke up. Many good wishes were expressed for the lady who is a great favorite with her friends. May she live to enjoy many more years of prosperity and happiness.

* * * *

R. S. REPORTS

Alma Ward, Mesa City. Editor Exponent: Owing to our isolated situation we see but few communications from this part of the country in your valuable paper, hence the liberty I take in penning a few lines to you, hoping you will be kind enough to give them space in your paper. We were organized May 31st, 1883, under the direction of President McDonald, with Anna Klienman, President; Henrietta Standage and Laureta Staples, Counselors; Sarah M. Mullens, Secretary; Sophronia A. Standage, Assistant Secretary; Hannah M. Stewart, Treasurer. We have thirty-five names enrolled, with an average attendance of nineteen. We hold our meetings semi-monthly, and have a very good time. The sisters are trying to live their religion and serve God. The Exponent is read in our meetings, with other Church works, striving to render them a source of benefit and mutual improvement. Wishing for the success of the Exponent, I remain, Your sister in the Gospel, S. A. S.

Bluff City. Editor Exponent: Thinking that a few lines from Bluff City would not come amiss, we take pleasure in writing that our Relief Society is trying to keep along evenly with the rest of the branches of the Relief Society as near as possible under the circumstances, with a good spirit and feeling at heart. We hold our testimony and teacher's meetings once a month, and our working meetings once in two weeks. We are few in number, but our meetings are well attended and our desire is to do all the good we can in helping to build up the Kingdom of God in this far off land. . . . We have had a very pleasant winter and the health of the people is very good. There has been no sickness nor death, for which we feel very thankful, and realize as a great blessing. Ever praying for the welfare of Zion, we remain, Your sisters in the Gospel, Jane M. Walton, President; Irene Haskell, Secretary.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

FOR the first time in the history of Utah, or of any other state in our country so far as can be learned, a woman has been selected as legislative chaplain in the person of Dr. Maud May Babcock who occupies that position in the Utah State Senate. Years ago, President Brigham Young's daughter, Susa, attended a class in voice building at Harvard University, taught by Miss Babcock. The pupil did not rest until Miss Babcock was in the employ of the University of Utah, where she built up one of the best known speech departments in the country, serving for fifty-two years, longer than any other faculty member. She became a convert to the Church, was the first president of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association in the Eighteenth Ward, and introduced the study of literature into the Mutual program.

FIVE women have been elected to the Utah House of Representatives: Mrs. C. L. Jack, Mrs. J. B. Bearnson, Mrs. Clara L. Jarvis, Mrs. Della L. Loveridge, and Miss Frances B. Smith. Mrs. E. E. Erickson is the only woman senator. She outranks any other Utah woman in length of legislative service. Singularly honored this year with the chairmanship of the important educational committee, she is also a member of the committees on appropriations, on state and municipal affairs, on public institutions, social relations, and relief.

MISS ERIKA MANN, daughter of the great novelist, Thomas Mann, who exiled herself from Germany and became an American citizen, recently spent seven months in the occupied countries and on the first-line battle fronts of Europe. In Salt Lake City, she gave an account of her experiences, with comments on allied policies, and suggestions for attitudes in postwar problems.

AMIDST the beauty of her native land, one of the most spiritual and beloved Hawaiian Latter-day Saints, Mrs. Lilia Wahapaa Kaneihalau, passed away in November. In another forty-five days she would have been 109 years old. For ninety-one years she had been a member of the Church, and served for thirty-three years as president of the Relief Society, released in 1926 at her own request due to her age.

FRANCE has a woman mayor for the first time in history. She presides over Thann, one of the liberated towns in Alsace.

HENRY WISE MILLER, husband of the late Alice Duer Miller, author of *The White Cliffs of Dover* and many other beautiful literary offerings, has written a book on the life and works of his wife.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 32 MARCH 1945 NO. 3

Gratitude For Church Guidance

ONE hundred and three years will have passed this March seventeenth since the first auxiliary of the Church, the Relief Society, was established for the benefit of its members and for the good of others. In that year, 1842, the Church had risen triumphant through its first twelve momentous years. It had been driven from New York to Ohio, from Missouri to Illinois, and already the necessary laws and powers for the coming forth and future progress of the Church had been revealed and confirmed. It was during that all-too-brief period of calm between the lashing storms of persecution, while the Church lay, as it were, at safe anchorage on the broad blue waters of the Mississippi at Nauvoo, that a few of the Church women gave utterance to their longing to be formed into an organization so that their united efforts might more speedily and effectually accomplish tasks allotted to them. It is significant that these women did not themselves inaugurate a society, but turned to their Prophet-leader for guidance. At a time and place set by him, he organized them, and under his continued tutelage thus was instituted the Relief Society which grew in one hundred years from a membership of eighteen to over one hundred thousand. The broad basic principles which have always governed the Society were laid by the Prophet Joseph Smith; however the planning and putting into execution of these policies have always been entrusted to the officers and members of the Society, who fully merited the confidence thus reposed in them, manifesting a devotion to duty, throughout the years, which has resulted in an immeasurable amount of labor, of loving service, and of enlightenment. Relief Society is obedient to the leadership of Church authorities today as it was one hundred years ago, and stands ready to accept and support new policies as they are deemed desirable. So guided and so conducted, the advancing years will find the Society growing ever more powerful, more potent in building testimonies of the gospel in members, more fully fulfilling its high destiny. On this one hundred and third anniversary, Relief Society members acknowledge the gratitude of their hearts for the guidance of the general and local authorities, for their zealous, watchful care to the end that the services rendered by Relief Society women are being extended in ever-widening spheres to keep pace with the accelerated need for such services in the expansion and progression of the Church.

M.C.S.

In Memoriam

Sarah Eddington—Ida Peterson Beal

EARLY in the New Year, two faithful and devoted former members of the General Board of Relief Society passed to the great beyond, in the persons of Sarah Eddington and Ida Peterson Beal.

The death of Sister Eddington occurred on January 9, and that of Sister Beal on January 6. In many respects the lives of these two good sisters were similar. They were both daughters of early Utah pioneers, were reared in families where faith and devotion to the gospel were paramount, and their testimonies of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith and the restored gospel were fervent and strong.

Miss Eddington was born June 13, 1861 in Salt Lake City. She was the daughter of William and Sarah Fry Eddington, English converts. From her childhood days she was active in the Church in many capacities. She served as a valued member of the General Board of Relief Society for seven years—from March 1914 to April 1921. Previous to this she was a member of the General Board of the Y.W.M.I.A. for twenty-five years. She was an untiring worker, always willing to do more than her share. She was an efficient committee member and travelled extensively for both the Relief Society and the Y.W.M.I.A. Although she was rather frail and delicate physically, she used to say, "Send me on the long, hard trips; I have no home to take care of, no husband, and no children. I am free and my chief interest in life is the Church and its progress."

Sister Eddington was especially gifted as a public speaker. She was both eloquent and impressive, and was always able to hold her audience whether it was made up of children, young people, or those of mature years.

IDA PETERSON BEAL was born in Ephraim, Sanpete County, Utah, on February 7, 1876, the daughter of President Canute Peterson and Charlotte Eckstrom Peterson. Her Church interests and activities began early and continued throughout her life in the various auxiliary organizations of the Church. She was appointed to the General Board of Relief Society in August 1927, where she served faithfully and efficiently for thirteen years.

Sister Beal received her education in the schools of her native town, at the Snow Academy, and at the Brigham Young University. In the last named institution she majored in music under the tutelage of Professor A. C. Lund, and became one of his star pupils and one of the sweetest singers in Zion. She took the leading role in the first opera produced by Brigham Young University.

Sister Beal had many opportunities for study and travel, and she made the most of them. She accompanied her husband, Dean T. A. Beal of the University of Utah, to

New York where, for three years, he studied at Columbia University. She later accompanied him to Europe where, for one year, they both took advantage of educational and cultural opportunities there. Probably Sister Beal's greatest contribution to the General Board was as chairman of the music committee in which capacity she directed the music of the organization, and was instrumental in developing the great central chorus of Singing Mothers. However, she travelled extensively to stake Relief Society conferences where her lovely spirit and sweet personality won friends and supporters to the great Relief Society cause.

A.B.L.

PRAYING HANDS

Clarence Edwin Flynn

On broad, green fields are many hands that labor,
Turning to sun and rain the fresh, sweet soil.
Wielders of hammer, pen, and loom, and saber,
Alike must live upon their daily toil.

Under the summer sun they do their duty,
Loosing the ground that roots and stalks may grow,
Coaxing to richness and productive beauty
The waving ear and tassel, row on row.

Comes a bright day when autumn's sun is slanting
Its mellow rays across the golden grain.
They gather then the harvest of their planting,
Grateful that they have labored not in vain.

All these are praying hands. An old petition
Their labor makes—one that has long been said
By those of every country and condition:
"Give us, we ask, this day, our daily bread."

Notes TO THE FIELD

Materials for the 1945 Welfare Clothing Budget

THE following information regarding materials for the 1945 welfare clothing budget has been received by the General Board from the General Church Welfare Committee:

In the fall of 1944 the Clothing Committee submitted a report to the General Welfare Committee which covered the materials that would be needed for the 1945 welfare clothing budget assignment. At that time, information which had previously been supplied by government officials in Washington indicated that it was probable that the materials for this clothing assignment would be made available to the Welfare Program.

In the latter part of December the situation changed and it then became apparent that most of the materials, which we proposed to use, were still critically needed in the war effort. It has, therefore, been decided that while present conditions exist, it will not be advisable to file for priorities. The clothing program will proceed as materials become available to which we are properly entitled on a quota basis. The most recent information from the wholesale houses with which the General Committee has heretofore done business is that there is no immediate prospect of securing the clothing materials in the quantities that are required to fill the 1945 budget assignment. It is the plan of the General Committee to keep in close touch with the market and take advantage of the full quota of materials as they become available. This means that it will not be possible for the General Committee to supply the materials needed so that the budget can be completed during the first six months of this year as many of the Relief Society sisters desire. It is hoped, however, that materials will be available so that the budget can be completed by the end of 1945. As materials are received, they will be allocated in a fair manner to those to whom the budgets have been assigned.

The question has arisen as to whether stake or ward welfare committees shall be encouraged to purchase materials from local sources to complete their clothing assignments. If materials can be purchased at wholesale prices without working a hardship on the community, it will be proper for the stake and ward welfare committees to purchase such materials and advise the General Committee so that the General Committee will not over-purchase later on. However, if it is necessary to go into the retail markets and pay retail prices and take from the shelves of local merchants materials that are needed to meet the general needs of the local community, such purchases should not be made.

Where quilting is done, the General Committee can supply the batts needed from stocks now on hand.

During the time that materials for welfare sewing are not available, the General Board recommends that Relief Society women devote themselves to other sewing activities on the work meeting day.

Marshalling Our Forces for Home Safety

Nellie O. Parker

Member of Relief Society General Board
Chairman Home Division, Utah Safety Council

WHILE the best of the country's young manhood are giving their lives that we here at home may be safe and free, the accident casualties every year in our homes are more than 30,000 killed and 120,000 permanently injured, to no purpose and without good reason.

More than half of all accidents occur in and around the homes, and the greatest percentage of the victims are children under five and elderly people over sixty-five years of age. They are victims of ignorance, of carelessness, recklessness or neglect. Accidents do not happen, they are caused by some unsafe practice or condition.

The first National Home and Farm Safety Conference was held in Chicago, February 17-18, 1942, to focus attention on the seriousness of the nation's home and farm accident situation, and to afford an opportunity for an open discussion of the problem so that plans could be made for a nation-wide safety program. As a result of this study, the Home and Farm Safety divisions were added to the National Safety Council program. Since then, a majority of the states have included a home and a farm safety division in their safety organizations.

Utah has kept in step with the national safety movement. The Utah Traffic Safety Council was organized in 1939. In 1942, the State ranked second to Oregon in the Western Division for the best traffic safety record, and, in 1943, received the national grand award in the traffic safety contest.

The Utah Safety Council was formed May 19, 1944. Its scope was expanded to include the activities of the Utah Traffic-Safety Council, the Women's Safety Council of Utah, and all other groups working in the interest of safety. The consolidation of all safety work under one head was made in the interest of efficiency and against duplication of effort.

The Home Division is new in the State and, as in the National Council, is in the pioneer stages of its plans.

A great nation-wide program has been inaugurated in which all our forces are harnessed to bring a safety consciousness to all Americans. The greatest stress is being placed on education and engineering, two of the three "E's" of safety. Enforcement, the third factor, cannot be used in the home as in industry and traffic.

This program of education should disseminate the knowledge of the safe use of the many products of this machine age that have found their way into our daily living. Individuals must be made conscious of unsafe

conditions and unsafe practices. They should be awakened to a personal responsibility in guarding their own safety as well as that of others, and should exert every energy to assure their freedom from accidental injury.

The importance of teaching safety in the home is being recognized as the first requisite in the safety program. It is believed that a child brought up in an atmosphere of safety will not be content with unsafe conditions and practices in later years, and that this training will have a profound influence on safety problems in general—in the home, on the highway, in industry.

To assist in the education for home safety, the Red Cross has added another service—courses of instruction in accident prevention. It is now offering a course "Home Accident Prevention." There is need, at present, for certified teachers to impart this knowledge to all groups of people. Those who take and fulfill all the requirements of this course can become certified teachers. It is an opportunity to help conserve human life, and also to destroy one of the potent forces which lead to distress and suffering.

The Home Division of the Utah Safety Council is sponsoring classes in home accident prevention as a part of its program of education for home safety. It is issuing an appeal to people, in all groups and walks of life, to take advantage of the course not only for the benefit to themselves in their own homes, but also for the opportunity it gives them to do a fine human service. The Home Division is also planning for a designated week from April 8-14 wherein home safety can be specifically emphasized by all means available—by radio, by the press, by programs in churches, clubs, and schools, and by exhibits and surveys.

It is hoped that by these activities a public awareness to the existence of hazards may be awakened, and a general desire to remove or avoid them be stimulated.

The world would be a much better place in which to live if accidents could be prevented and, by marshalling all our forces to this end, much can be accomplished.

TO A LITTLE GIRL

Jo Adelaide Stock

Joy fills my heart, sweet, when I see
The precious promises in thee.
Thou art to me the soft perfume
That sleeps within a summer's bloom.

Thou art a song as masters sing
Of love and youth and stars and spring;
Thou art the bubbling of a fount;
The cap of snow upon the mount.

Thou art the gentleness of rain;
Thou art the sweetness after pain;
O thou'rt laughter after sorrow,
Promise of the new tomorrow.

Thou art dawning after dark,
And the carol which a lark
Showers down like unto leaven,
On its way to God and heaven!

March Designs For Summer

Hazel D. Moyle

OF all the year's calendar, March is the least loved month. . . . "Ah! passing few are they who speak, wild, stormy month, in praise of thee." . . . Yet March has an important place in the year's garden work.

It is true that we can do but little out of doors at this early season—a fact which we soon discover when we venture out into our wet and sodden flower beds. But we can find solace, at this time of year, for that first hunger for green growing things which springs up so violently in the breast of every garden lover. We can not only cheer our winter-weary selves, but we can assure our gardens an early and abundant bloom next summer by starting seeds indoors in early March.

Certain vegetables can also be started indoors with profit; that intriguing new tomato, "Orange Jubilee" must be grown from your own sowing of seeds if you are to enjoy its piquant flavor and unusual appearance come next August, for few nurserymen offer ready-grown plants of this new variety.

One can, it is true, now purchase most kinds of annuals all ready-grown for planting out when May arrives, but such ready-made plants under the present war conditions command a fairly high price. If your planting spaces are large, it will certainly pay you to try to raise your own plants. One can, if she is successful, reap an entire garden-full of plants by means of a few packages of seeds plus a little honest effort. And there is the added advantage of being able to select just those colors, varieties, and kinds that suit one's own personal tastes.

It is especially profitable to make early March sowings of such annuals as the following: petunia, the most brilliant blooming of all (plant the low bedding varieties for garden decoration, and the giant ruffled kinds for cutting); lobelia, that tiny low-edging plant of such blazing, glowing blue color; snapdragon, rivaling petunias for constant all-year bloom, plus variety in coloring (we plant many shades of pink, flame, yellow, and crimson); verbena, these soon completely cover any wide space with a gorgeous, low carpet of fragrant color; stock . . . Ah me! the lovely, clean perfume of blossoming stocks; and ageratum, flower of soft blue, an exquisite peacemaker among our flower beds (plant this near the front line). All of these need an early start indoors if you are to have them blossoming from late June and on until snow flies.

THE requirements for indoor seed planting are few. Foremost is a suitable room in which to keep the seed boxes. The ordinary, well-heated living room is too hot and dry for really good results. Choose, if you can, a cooler room, one that is light and airy, and where you can have plenty of ventilation. It should have at least one good sunny window. You might make use of your kitchen to keep the boxes while the seeds are germinating, for they can

be kept in any warm room under a table out of the way at this stage, but the moment the tiny things begin to push up the soil, they must have light and air. An unheated, sunny room would be ideal after they are up.

Use a wooden box four inches deep and from twelve to eighteen inches long; too much depth of soil is not conducive to healthy growth, yet it should be deep enough to accommodate the young roots.

The soil used is of the greatest of importance; you should mix this as carefully as you would your Christmas pudding. A sandy soil is best, and some experts use one-third pure sand, one-third good garden loam, and the last third, real black leaf mold of homemade garden compost. You may be able to purchase a small sack of soil all mixed and ready to use from some florist or nurseryman, should you not have the above ingredients, and this might be the means of your real success in the venture.

A layer of broken flower pots, small pebbles, and coarse peat moss should be placed in the bottom of the seed box, then the prepared and sifted soil is placed over this rough drainage to fill the box to within one-half inch of the top. Press the whole down firmly with some board or even a paper magazine to insure no air pockets, especially at corners and edges. Then you are ready for the sowing of seeds.

And here is where we make our greatest mistake, for most amateur gardeners sow the seeds too thickly. Each seed should be sown separately, even the tiny ones such as the petunia. Broadcast the fine ones on top of the soil by scattering a pinch slowly and carefully; then sift a little fine soil over them and press the surface lightly with a spoon. Larger seeds can be planted in rows, covering them with soil three times their own diameter. Do not sow too many, a package of seeds will raise several hundred plants; judge your needs accordingly, and strive for a few well-grown plants rather than too many that are crowded and puny.

Water by placing the seed box in a large pan or tub containing an inch or two of lukewarm water. Let it stand until the moisture has seeped up into the soil and shows on the surface, then remove the box and drain off for a few moments. Cover with a pane of glass to prevent evaporation, and to maintain even moisture and temperature. On top of the glass place a newspaper to exclude light as germination is best in dark. Place the box in any warm corner to germinate.

You should restrain yourself from peeking into the box for a few days, for most of the varieties named above require from ten days to two weeks to germinate. Nevertheless, keep your eye on them, for the soil should be kept moist but not wet, and just as soon as you see the little hummocks pushing up the surface, the paper should be removed to give them light. And as soon as they begin to show green (and no matter how often you have seen this miracle happen, it is always thrilling) the glass should be removed.

You must assist your young charges to grow up straight and sturdy by turning the box often as the plants lean towards the light. As soon as two pairs of leaves have developed, they should be transplanted

into other boxes of soil to stand two inches apart. They will now need a richer soil. Prepare additional boxes as before except that another part of old, well-rotted manure is added to the soil mixture, and one can also include chemical fertilizer now with excellent results. Purchase any good brand available, and follow directions given on package for its use.

As the plants grow they will need more fresh air. One can now shift them outside to a cold frame or any improvised shelter made from an old wooden box if you have a glass cover to fit over the top. An old window frame will serve to protect the plants with a rug or old blanket to cover them during cold snaps or nights. As the days grow warmer, the glass covering must be lifted. Strive to harden your plants to the outdoors, but do not fail to cover or protect them if the weather changes. They can be planted out in the garden as soon as all danger of frost is over, usually by May first.

In the meantime, the outdoor garden work has begun. Digging and preparation of soil for planting should be started as soon as the ground has dried out sufficiently to permit digging. Use that old method of testing the ground by taking up a handful of soil and squeezing it to a ball; if it will then crumble and fall apart easily, the soil is ready for digging, but if it remains a wet ball, wait a few days longer for it to dry. Real damage is done to garden soil by working it while wet; it does not recover its loose, springy mellowness if dug too soon; and roots find it hard to penetrate.

Trees, shrubs, and especially roses and lilacs should be planted the moment the ground is dry enough to work . . . do not delay a moment if you want them to have a good early start and to prosper well. They can establish early root growth during the cool, early spring before the sun has gained power.

Clean-up time also arrives during March, but be careful in removing any coverings. Loosen and take away coverings gradually. The rose bushes, too, will need their yearly pruning during late March or early April, . . . just as soon as killing frosts are over, but not too soon. We must all learn to judge when this time arrives.

Be warned and leave climbing roses strictly alone at this season (so many amateurs want to trim them in early spring). Wait until the leaves unfold, and then remove only the wood that is actually dead.

So we see that March, though she has won such a poor reputation for herself, can be made to yield much in beauty for later months if the home gardener will but use her to good advantage.

March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps—but O ye hours!
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

"Dirge of the Year"—Shelley

RELEASED

Thelma Ireland

Earth was held, entombed, a prisoner
Of the warden, Winter King,
Until wafted from her dungeon
By the gentle breath of Spring.

The Lonesome House

Olive Woolley Burt

GRANDMA JACKSON never did know just what made her choose a different route home on that sunny, spring day. It might have been, she realized later, the invitation in the south wind that reminded her so of her birthplace; or it might have been the red and yellow tulips in the yard next to Lettie's, flaunting their individuality almost insolently.

But whatever the cause, Grandma Jackson did not turn east at the drugstore corner as she should have done. She went west, instead, and walked two blocks out of her way just so she could pass the park, brave in its new spring dress.

Having passed the park, Grandma Jackson didn't even then turn toward Will's house, but wandered along slowly, savoring the sweetness of spring that was carried to her country-born senses by the soft breeze.

She came, finally, to a little side street and turned down it, just because it was something like a country lane, with the street unpaved, a ditch of clear water running beside the curb, and tall trees arching over the sidewalk.

And it was down this little side street, just about the middle of the block, that Grandma Jackson came upon the little house.

It was an old, weather-beaten house, set back from the shady street in a yard overgrown with grass and flowers. Crocuses and daffodils, tulips and hyacinths, that had once apparently been planted in neat borders along the walk, now sprang up everywhere in the lush grass, making the shaggy lawn a veritable crazy patch of gay color.

Grandma Jackson put her hand on the rickety gate and looked wistfully into the yard. It was so homelike, so poignantly familiar — it looked so much the way she felt—little and old and gray, but with vivid, insurgent thoughts. She pushed the gate gently and it swung open, so she went down the neglected walk.

The house was obviously empty. The wide porch across the front sagged toward the grassy earth, but Grandma Jackson didn't notice that. She was thinking what a nice porch it would be to sit on of an evening, rocking and dreaming till time to go to bed.

She crossed the porch and peered in at the dusty, small-paned windows. She couldn't see much except the bright squares of sunlight on the bare, wooden floor. She went to the door and tried the knob gently; and, when the door yielded, she shrugged her small bent shoulders and walked resolutely in and looked around.

There were two rooms. In the one which Grandma Jackson instinctively called the living room were three windows, two facing south and one west. They'd get all the winter sun there is, she thought, seeing her little rocking chair there between the two windows, a crocheted rug beneath her feet, a gray

cat purring contentedly in the patch of sunlight.

She went into the bedroom and sighed. It was just the right size for her old-fashioned bed and highboy.

In the little lean-to kitchen, an old rusty cook stove had been left, and Grandma Jackson's lips curved into a tender smile at sight of it. It was on just such a stove that she had done her first cooking for William; it was at just such a stove he had used to sit of a winter evening, his stockinged feet in the open oven. There was nothing like a coal stove for real warmth and comfort, Grandma Jackson told herself softly. Let the young folks have their furnaces and their gas and oil—a good coal stove was the thing to warm old bones by.

She tried the back door, and found it, too, unlocked, so she went into the little back yard, fenced in, and overgrown with currant bushes, a small strawberry patch, and grass everywhere. She heard a trickle and looked about her and found the reason for the lush greenishness. A very tiny spring bubbled through the tangled mass at one side of the yard and ran down a choked ditch to join the ditch along the curb in the front.

Grandma Jackson smiled triumphantly, as if she had discovered a looked-for treasure. That was why this street was different from all the others. There must be several of these small springs along the block and they gave that special loveliness to the grass and the trees.

It was a long time before Grandma Jackson could tear herself away from the little house. She loved it already, as if they two had some secret affinity. But she knew she shouldn't stay so long. Will's wife, Clara, would be worried. If Lettie had phoned as she usually did to see whether her mother had made the short trip from her house to her brother's safely, they would all be out searching for her. They always told her to go straight along, and here she had flagrantly ignored their advice.

She pulled the doors shut carefully and went slowly down the path and out of the rickety gate. She looked back from the sidewalk, and the house peered at her lonesomely from the two windows, the porch roof bent like a wistful eyebrow above them. Grandma Jackson waved gently, to reassure the little house, then squared her shoulders and turned her face purposefully toward her son's house.

She arrived before Lettie phoned, before there was any uproar over her vagary. She went to her room and took off her hat, and hung it carefully in the crowded little closet. She looked at her beloved old bed—a piece of furniture Clara hated—and touched the pieced quilt gently as she passed. It would look just right—but she musn't think of that.

Downstairs she looked about for her rocker. This had grown to be an unconscious gesture on her part, derived from the habit Clara had of moving Grandma's rocker from place to place in the room, so it wouldn't wear the nap off the carpet. Grandma saw where the little chair now stood and went to it and sat down and tried to knit, but the chair was in a dark corner, and her eyes were dim, and she was dreadfully tired, so she just sat.

Will's two grandchildren, noisy and dirty, came into the living room

and began to climb over Grandma and her chair. She loved the little fellows, but their hands were sticky. If she got up and took care of them, Clara and Trudy would be offended, taking it as an insult to their own care of the children. So Grandma shrank into herself as much as she could, and let the boys have their way uncomplaining.

That night Grandma Jackson dreamed of the little house. It was furnished with her own things, and she was living in it quietly, happily. Her children and their children and grandchildren came to see her and she was glad to have them because, in her own house, she could gently but firmly keep them in their places.

She awoke and lay staring into the dark, and the longing for the little gray house became so acute it was a physical aching. But it was useless. There was no way to relieve the ache. If she had only saved a little money! But how could she, with four children to rear and educate? They had all had such good minds —such great possibilities. She had scrimped and saved, and then spent freely to send them to college, to get them established in their chosen fields. She sighed and turned over and determined to sleep. What couldn't be cured must be endured, she knew from past years of wanting and going without.

But she couldn't keep back the tears that squeezed under the soft wrinkled lids with their thin gray lashes; she couldn't stop the ache that tortured her old, tired heart.

THE next afternoon Grandma Jackson put on her straw bonnet and took her knitting bag and said, almost too casually, "Well, Clara, it's such a nice day, I think I'll take a little walk."

Clara looked at her mother-in-law, surprised. "Why don't you wait till it's cooler?" she shouted, and Grandma Jackson shuddered involuntarily. Clara always yelled at her in the belief that she was deaf, and Grandma's quiet assurances to the contrary had no effect.

"I'll just walk down the shady side of the street," Grandma protested.

"But you may get a sunstroke!" Clara fussed. "Lots of old people do, walking in the sun."

"I'll keep in the shade," Grandma repeated, determined not to be talked out of her little excursion.

"Well," Clara was openly doubtful. "Don't go too far, I'll be worried till you get back. I'll be watching out for you."

"No, don't Clara," Grandma begged. "If I get a wee bit tired, I'll stop in at Anabelle Truman's. She's been begging me to come, and I'm taking my knitting along."

Grandma saw the triumphant look that leaped into Clara's eyes, and smiled secretly. Clara thought she had slyly found out where Grandma was going. She smiled sweetly at the old woman now. "Be careful crossing the streets," she shouted, and Grandma escaped into the afternoon sun.

She walked demurely enough down the street toward her old friend's house, and right on past. She turned the corner and hurried along, straight to the little side street, straight to the rickety gate halfway down the block.

There Grandma Jackson stopped and waved greeting to the little lonesome house. It was just as she

had remembered it! It hadn't been a dream. Grandma pushed open the gate and walked up the path to the porch. She sat down on the low step, took off her hat, and laid her knitting bag beside her.

When Grandma Jackson realized she was thirsty, she remembered the little spring, and went around the house to the back. There was nothink to drink from, so she knelt on the grass and scooped up the cold water in her wrinkled old hands and drank it lovingly, gratefully. She was suddenly young again, with young William laughing beside her. She got up carefully and went to the back stoop and sat there, thinking of William and of their children.

Suddenly, Grandma Jackson realized that when she thought of her children she never thought of them as they were now—grown men and women with children of their own. She thought of them as babies at her breast, as little folks starting off to school, as youngsters with problems of their own they brought to her, even as laughing soldiers going off to the last war—but never as middle-aged individuals — never as married folk.

Somehow, she had to admit to herself, they didn't seem much like her children any more. She wished that she had been able to keep one of them, at least, hers. Then she shook her head impatiently, she didn't wish any such thing.

At last, Grandma got up with a sigh, went around to the front and, picking up her hat and knitting bag, she started home again.

That was the first of her secret visits to the little house. As the days passed and the delight of spring grew into the reality of summer, Grandma's little afternoon walk became such a habit that Clara forgot to wonder and to ask questions. She had evidently talked it over with Will and Lettie, and they'd made up their minds to let her alone in her queer vagary. All old folks had some strange ways, and this was harmless.

Grandma Jackson was glad for this acquiescence, and she took every advantage of their apparent indifference.

First, it was Will's pruning shears. She had noticed that the currant bushes would have to be trimmed back, so she slipped the shears into her knitting bag one day, and when she got to the little house, she hurried around to the back yard and set to work.

The pruning done, the uncouth state of the strawberry bed cried aloud for correction, so the next afternoon, Grandma Jackson pulled strawberry suckers till her hands were sore and her legs trembled, and her back ached, but she was happier than she had been for years.

Bit by bit, the back yard took on a more civilized air, and the bushes and vines, as if grateful for attention, sent out showers of fragrant blossoms. The old lilac tree was so burdened that Grandma picked an armful of the lovely flowers, and then, not knowing how to explain them at home, she looked about for some way of keeping them here. She put them in an old bucket and set them inside the door, and the next day she went out of her way to go to the five-and-ten cent store to get a crock to put the blossoms in.

In the store, she saw a tiny teaket-

tle and she suddenly thought how nice it would be to have a cup of postum of an afternoon when she had finished her work. So she bought the teakettle and some postum and wafers.

IT was by easy stages like this, that Grandma Jackson moved into the empty house. At first, she sat on an old box, but one day Claude tucked a little check into his letter—a thing he frequently did—and Grandma bought a tiny second-hand rocker, and had it delivered, giving the man explicit directions to put it in the back yard, as she wouldn't be there "with her other things" for a day or two.

And once the rocking chair was placed between the two windows, it would have taken more resolution than Grandma possessed to convince herself that she was trespassing, or that she had no right to these harmless afternoons.

AT home, Lettie and Will and Clara mentioned how much happier Grandma looked. Will said, "Well, Grandma, I guess those afternoon walks of yours are just what you need. Maybe we've kept you too cooped up. You look better than you have in all the years since father died."

Nobody bothered Grandma in her little house. No one ever came to the door or gave any sign of being interested in what went on there. That is until one afternoon, when the woman who lived next door, whom Grandma had sometimes seen in her little yard hanging out clothes or playing with her three children, came dashing over, her hair all tumbled, her eyes frantic. She pounded on the back door and Grandma Jackson opened it fearfully.

Seeing the frightened creature before her, Grandma Jackson wanted to say "Come in! Tell me what's wrong!" but she couldn't do that, so she stepped out onto the little porch, pulled the kitchen door shut behind her, and asked, "What's the matter?"

"My baby!" the woman gasped. "Something has happened to her. Can't you hear her screaming? I don't know what's the matter! I can't get a doctor—someone's on the line and won't let me have it. I'm frantic—"

Grandma Jackson didn't wait to hear any more. She hurried along, her little old legs taking her through a gap in the fence, past the frightened mother.

Yes, she could hear the baby screaming, the particularly anguished cries that accompany severe and unidentified agony. Grandma Jackson picked the child up and held her a moment, watching her carefully. Then the wrinkled, experienced fingers began to feel carefully over the little legs and body and arms. As the gentle pressure reached the child's face and ear, the screams became more piercing, and the child shrank under the soft touch. Her two little brothers, watching, frightened, began to cry.

"It's her ear," Grandma Jackson said. "Has she put something in her ear?"

"She couldn't!" cried the mother, "she hasn't had anything small enough!"

Grandma Jackson looked at the two little boys, but the mother flung her arm around them.

"Nor them, either!" she cried. "Baby was lying on her quilt in her play pen on the lawn. They couldn't have reached her."

"It's an ant then," said Grandma. "Get me some warm oil and a warm linen rag."

While the mother was getting the materials, Grandma soothed the baby, then she laid her on her left side and very carefully poured the warm oil into the tiny ear. She laid the warm linen against it and turned the child over on her right side.

Gradually the sobs began to moderate, and in a very short while the exhausted baby slept against Grandma's lap, with only an occasional sob to remind them of what she had been through.

Grandma removed the linen and held it toward the mother. On it lay a black ant, drugged by the oil.

When Grandma Jackson laid the baby gently in her crib and took the small boys' hands to tiptoe with them from the room, the mother said, "I don't know how I can thank you, Mrs.—"

"Jackson," said Grandma. "Mrs. Jackson," she repeated, the phrase pleasing her with its recognition of her as something besides a grandmother.

"It must have been terribly painful. Won't you have a glass of cool lemonade before you leave?"

So Grandma Jackson sat down and drank lemonade with her neighbor.

"You don't know how glad I am that you're my neighbor," Mrs. Cook said, sincerely, after they had introduced themselves. "I am so dumb with the children. When anything happens I go all to pieces. I've been over to welcome you before," she explained, a little ashamed that she had not met this kind old woman until necessity demanded it, "but you are there so seldom—." She hesitated and flushed, and Grandma Jackson knew that this little woman must have peered through the windows, must have seen the barren rooms.

"Well, you see," Grandma began honestly, not caring to hide the facts from these sympathetic ears, "I'm not there much. Just an hour or two in the afternoons. You see—," and she went on to tell her new friend how she had found the house, how she had fallen in love with it, how she had finally moved in.

Mrs. Cook listened understandingly, but when Grandma had finished, she asked, "Why don't you tell your children? I'll bet if they knew, if they understood how you feel, they'd be glad to get it for you. I know I'd want my mother to have anything—if only she were alive!"

Grandma Jackson patted her neighbor's hand.

"Yes," she agreed, "I suppose they would. But it is silly, my having a whole house, when Will has an extra room. And I have no way of keeping it up—light and coal and food and everything. We sort of talked it over when William died, the children and I, and we decided it would be smarter for me to stay at Will's and help Clara with the children. They were younger then, you know, and I could help a lot and stay with them at night when Will and Clara wanted to go out. And then, it isn't far to Lettie's, and I can run over and help her. I'd rather live with Lettie," she added wistfully, "but there's no room there."

"Well," Mrs. Cook comforted,

"you can probably enjoy the little house as long as you want to. We've lived here four years and have never seen anyone around the place. Oh, right at the first of the war boom," she corrected, "people looked at it. But it isn't modern, you know, and so run down, no one wanted it."

Now that Grandma knew her neighbor, she could ask for nothing more. She was so happy that she sometimes awakened in the night, and lay trembling, fearful of losing the little house and all it stood for in her lonely days.

Then Claude wrote, asking her to come to visit him for awhile.

Grandma Jackson had always gone when her baby boy called, but this time she didn't want to go away. She shook her head and wrote to Claude, but said nothing to Will or Lettie. A more urgent invitation came, and Claude wrote to Will, too, to persuade his mother.

There was no way to explain her reluctance at going away without revealing her secret, so at last, under Will's and Lettie's insistence, she packed and went.

She stayed two weeks and wired Will, "Will be home on the 8:15 P.M. Tuesday."

WILL was at the station to meet her. He seemed more jovial than before, really happy to have her back again, she thought. He took her to the house, asking questions about Claude and Helen and the boys, all three of whom were in service. Clara and the children also seemed extra glad to see Grandma again, and she thought, "Maybe they do like to have me here. Maybe it's a good thing to go away, so they can miss me once in a while."

But when she went upstairs to take off her things, she stood still inside the door to her room, her heart shaken, her lips trembling like a lost child's. And she knew, then, why they had insisted on her going away.

Clara had had a chance to do over Grandma's room. She had got rid of the ugly wooden bed she hated, and the old highboy, and the room was bright and streamlined and modern. A narrow, hard little bed stood where the big bed had been. Her old patchwork quilt, even, was gone!

In a few minutes, Grandma took off her hat and coat very quietly, and hung them in the closet. She went downstairs and joined the family, not saying a word. They seemed strangers to her now, rather cruel strangers, and their titillating joviality was not deep enough to hide the nervous shame they felt at tricking her.

At last Will could stand it no longer.

He said, "I guess you noticed that Clara's redone your room, Grandma?" he asked tentatively.

Grandma nodded. She couldn't speak.

"You'll like it better, once you get used to it. Did you notice we put in a little bathroom, all your own?

He was too enthusiastic, and Grandma said, wishing to ease his embarassment, "Yes, it's very nice." She wouldn't let them know—oh, she would never let them know—but if her little house was gone, too, how could she bear it?

She saw Will's pitying glance as she went up to bed. She walked slowly, she knew, though she tried to straighten the bent shoulders.

And, once in the hard, narrow bed, she buried her tired old head in her arms and wept.

All the next morning, Grandma kept her eyes on the clock. She could hardly eat, could hardly talk, waiting for the time to come when she could slip away and see what had happened to her little house.

As soon as she decently could, she said, "Guess I'll take a little walk, Clara," and left before anyone could interfere.

Grandma Jackson nearly ran all the way to the house. She was possessed of a strange feeling she couldn't define, and she was dreadfully afraid.

But it was still there, gray and withdrawn and lonely, as she had left it. She paused at the gate long enough to wave a greeting, to let the house know she was back, and then she went up the walk and opened the door.

For the second time within a few hours she stopped still and stared about her.

There it was, just as she had dreamed it would be, with her rocker between the two windows, a round crocheted rug in front of it, even a fat gray cat, that rose and stretched and came and rubbed against Grandma's legs. Her old, pedal sewing machine that Clara had persuaded her to sell, was under a window, piled high with fluffy white curtaining.

When Grandma got her breath, she walked cautiously across the floor and peered into the bedroom, and there was her old bed with its patchwork quilt, her highboy, with William's picture in its funny frame on top of it.

It was all she could do to get into the kitchen, and to stare at the little stove, shining and black now, and the row of new small kettles in the cupboard sparkling with yellow paint, exactly like her very first kitchen.

Grandma sank down in the little rush-bottomed chair beside the old-fashioned sink, and the tears ran down her face. She wasted no time thinking she had blundered into someone else's house—this was hers—every bit of it. But how it had come to be she had no idea.

She was still sitting there when she heard knocking on the door, and she went slowly to open it, her heart pounding, thinking that maybe, after all, she had been mistaken, or dreaming, or crazy.

Will and Clara and Lettie and Lettie's little girl, Rhoda, stood there, beaming and laughing.

"How do you do, Mrs. Jackson," Will boomed, the noise in his voice and the laughter in his eyes trying to cover up the love and tears that threatened him. "Won't you invite us in, Mother?"

Lettie's arms were about her. "Were you surprised, Mother? We were almost scared to do it, but oh, we wanted so for you to have it, and we were afraid you would object—"

"It is rather foolish—," Grandma made her lips say, but Will shook her tenderly.

"Not at all. Don't worry about that room at our place. We can find some war worker to rent it to. And as for keeping the place up," he smiled deep into her eyes, "don't pretend you don't know about allowances! You understood them well enough when we went to school. And now you're going to

have a dose of your own good medicine!"

As they talked it all came out, how they had become suspicious of her daily walks and had followed her; how Lettie had talked to Mrs. Cook, and how Claude had been worked in on their scheme.

After they left Grandma set about getting her first real supper in years. Her hands trembled as she lit the fire and filled the teakettle. She set the table and stood looking at it in the light of the friendly little kerosene lamp, when Mrs. Cook came to the door.

"May I come in, Mrs. Jackson?" she asked, "and formally welcome you as my neighbor?"

Grandma Jackson pulled forward the little chair and Mrs. Cook sank into it. The old woman noticed that her neighbor's cheeks were pale, her lips pinched with weariness.

"Are the children in bed?" she asked, and as Mrs. Cook nodded she urged, "stay and have a bite of supper with me, then, you look a mite peaked."

The younger woman leaned back, wearily.

"I am tired," she said. "The children have been little terrors today. Sometimes," she said softly, "I hardly think I can ever go through it again."

Grandma Jackson smiled understandingly.

"Children are a chore," she agreed as she served the food, "and at times you can hardly see how they're worth it. But they are, my dear. They are."

THE VISITING TEACHER'S PRAYER

Eva M. R. Salway

Humbly, we thy handmaidens come to thee today,
Praying for thy guidance, in all we do and say,
Asking for a blessing on the work now to be done,
That we may feel thy presence, as we enter in each home.
Give to us thy wisdom for all problems that arise,
Help us to be cheerful, and faithful, loving, wise.
Grant us thy Holy Spirit as we enter in each door,
Help us bring peace and comfort, and glorify thee more.
Help us to comfort sorrow, or guide the erring feet,
Encourage all that's good and brave, as we our sisters meet,
Bring to us remembrance, as we our topic teach,
And help us more than all of these, to practice what we preach.

Rehabilitation of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors

Excerpts from a Report, Office of War Information

THE readjustment and happiness of wounded soldiers and sailors with conspicuous physical disfigurements or disabilities or nervous manifestations will depend in large measure on the way their families and friends and the public at large behave toward them.

Thanks to modern therapy, many of the men suffering from even the severest wounds will be rehabilitated and enabled to lead lives of normal activity, engaging in industry, business or professions. But the most modern medical and psychiatric care, the finest surgery and appliance, expert rehabilitation, vocational training and employment opportunities are far from being all that is needed by the men who have suffered disfigurements and disabilities. The OWI passes along a number of suggestions, made by the Surgeon General of the Army, concerning everyday behavior on the part of friends, family and acquaintances most calculated to lessen the inevitable difficulties of adjustment of disfigured and disabled veterans.

If a formerly able-bodied man returns from combat with a disfigurement or other serious disability, he is almost certain to be emotionally disturbed. In other cases the wound he brings back may be mental.

In case after case, maimed young men have been freed from their black thoughts and bitterness, and have had their self-confidence restored, by the professional—expert and difficult—rehabilitation treatment they have received, as soon as possible after injury, in Army and Navy hospitals and in the hospitals of the Veterans' Administration. Disabled merchant seamen are cared for in United States Public Health Service Marine Hospitals.

In all these institutions, the restoration of self-confidence, as an aid in the restoration of physical health, is the immediate aim of doctors, nurses, and other personnel.

Details of accomplishments in the field of physical rehabilitation are becoming increasingly familiar to American readers of newspapers and magazines. Injured muscles are brought back into play, new or unused muscles are trained. When necessary, efficient surgical appliances are carefully fitted to replace amputated hands, feet or limbs.

Nervous disabilities resulting from combat experience are treated with equal care. In some cases prolonged psychiatric treatment is necessary; occupational therapy cures others rapidly.

When he has recovered his physical or psychic health and is discharged from the Army or Navy hospital, the serviceman in need of vocational training is eligible to receive it from the Veterans' Administration if he has suffered a ten percent or greater disability, resulting in a vocational handicap, while in service.

If not, the same training is open to him through the Vocational Rehabilitation Division of the United States Office of Education.

Vocational training in the Veterans' Administration and other institutions is directed toward preparing the wounded man not only to fill a job in which his wound will not be a handicap, but to do important work which he will enjoy and for which he is temperamentally suited. In all cases, even those capable only of self-employment at home, the goal is useful, functional, independent living—not dependent, permanent residence in hospitals.

After vocational training comes employment, and here many agencies are working for the wounded serviceman.

In summary, Americans can rest assured that their wounded soldiers and sailors are being given the most modern medical and psychiatric care, the finest surgery and appliances, expert rehabilitation, vocational training and finally employment opportunities that confirm their hard-won feelings of independence. All these things are being provided, and provided by persons and organizations expert in their field, professionally equipped to further the welfare of wounded ex-servicemen.

BUT the American people—the families, friends and acquaintances of the disabled and disfigured men, and the public at large—have a responsibility in the matter, too. It is up to them to further the men's progress during rehabilitation by considerate and cooperative behavior. Men who are working hard to acquire new self-confidence, or who have acquired it, must not be jolted out of it by thoughtless, uncontrolled manifestations of pity or horror or distaste or false cheeriness or too-eager curiosity or other emotionalism.

For the purpose of increasing public awareness of some of the problems faced by disabled and disfigured men in their search for rehabilitation and normal living, and for the purpose of indicating to what extent public co-operation can be of benefit, the Surgeon General of the Army has set forth a series of guideposts not only for the families and friends of such men, but for all who may come in contact with them. The suggestions are intended especially for the period of rehabilitation in hospitals or vocational training centers, but they also hold good for later, after the wounded men's return to civilian life:

1. *Treat the maimed person as the normal person he always has been and continues to be.*

Disfigurement does not make him into a different person, though it may well result in his growing to be a bigger one.

If you are disturbed by the disfigurement, discipline yourself so that your disturbance is not apparent. It is up to you to make him realize—without talking about it—that you feel about him exactly as always, and that his disfigurement is unimportant compared with your affection or friendship. The only difference could be an even increased respect for him.

There is much to be gained from contact with a person who has suffered a handicap and overcome it. Such a person often gains extraordinary largeness of character from his

fight and his success; and those around him, in turn, gain from his example.

Treating disabled men as normal people is particularly important in cases of mental disability. Often, in cases of this kind, the average person retains ancient prejudices, and approaches a patient either with distaste or as though he were a child or a fool. It should be kept in mind that vast strides have been made in recent years in the treatment and rehabilitation of the mentally and nervously afflicted. They are simply ill—and their illnesses are usually curable.

It should be emphasized also that excessive praise of a disabled man because of his disability is not helpful.

2. *Don't ask questions or give advice.*

The man who has been disabled or disfigured may want to talk about himself or he may not. Respect his wishes. Do not mention the disfigurement unless he does.

If he does not want to talk about himself, talk about things he is interested in, or about objects in the room, or hobbies, or details of common interest. Don't talk about the war or about subjects related to his injury. Don't pry or hint.

The best answer to give a wounded man who asks you "Am I going to be good for anything?" is "If you *want* to be good for something, determination helps." If you are related to a wounded or disfigured man, make it your business to know about the rehabilitation and accomplishments of persons as badly handicapped as he is, or more so, and be able to tell him about them —not in a preachy way, but factually. Let him see that you know about them and that you assume he will take full advantage of his opportunities.

3. *Be casual and realistic—not over cheery.*

The man you are visiting may feel depressed. It is his right to feel so. It is an offense to his dignity and his common sense to go into a routine of transparent "cheeriness." The express intent of cheering up is seldom convincing or effective.

Nor is it usually convincing or beneficial to try to minimize the crippling effect of maiming. By facing the reality of a man's disability yourself, you can help him face it.

Personal anxieties and problems of all kinds lose their capacity to frighten if they are brought out into the open, squarely faced and talked about. A disfigured man who finds his friends acting naturally and casually about his disfigurement will more easily avoid being the kind of person who goes through life shrinking if a child asks, "What's the matter with that man?"

If a person has one leg, it is better to admit that fact and not try to conceal it. If one is deaf, the hearing aid should be worn openly, not treated as an embarrassing detail. A hearing aid or an artificial leg is just that and nothing more. The only difference it makes is that one hears or walks better with it than without it.

4. *Don't wait on the injured man too much.*

Even though a disabled soldier or sailor be surrounded with sympathy, waited on hand and foot by nurses and given countless attentions, he may still despair. He may still view himself as a martyr—an attitude

which brings little happiness to him and no benefit to anybody else. If his faith in his ability to do things is restored the rest of the treatment is easy.

If there is something the patient can do for you, let him do it. Helping others is an important part of rehabilitation. The families of men who have returned to their homes can greatly help them by letting it be seen that they expect self-reliance and cooperation, and by not being pessimistic or over-solicitous.

The Bright Light of the Clouds

Alice Whitson Norton

"Men see not the bright light which is in the clouds"—Job 37:21.

HOW desolate, how colorless, how unattractive the world would be without its blue canopy! To the beauty of the seeing eye, it is God's moving picture screen, constantly changing, constantly thrilling the human heart with its beauty.

Take the dawn of the morning—did you ever watch it break across the eastern horizon—the glory of the stars, as the sun's bright rays dissolve them—the blueness of the sky against the mistiness of dew? All these are beautiful to the nature-loving eye of man. But it is the glow of sunset, the tinted clouds, the magic rivers, lakes and mountains that are formed from them just at the close of the day, that leave one speechless with awe and wonder.

A sunset view, like that from my garden, recently brought to my mind the quotation of Job—Job whose body was tormented with disease, Job alone and lonesome—who never lost faith in God nor lost sight of the bright light of the clouds to which so many were blind.

Let us keep our eyes upon the bright lights of the clouds; they will give us the courage to struggle on when despair grips our souls; they will give us a new interest in beauty when the beauty of the world seems clouded against us; they point to God—a silent, steadfast witness—and rarely can one look upon the bright, light clouds and fail to feel the nearness of the Creator. Let us keep our eyes turned towards the beautiful things of life and not be as Job says, men who see not the bright light of the clouds.

EARLY SPRING RAIN

Ora Lee Parthesius

The sky is soft as a dove's gray wing,
And through the silvered pattering
Steals fragrance. Is it mignonette
Or lilacs worn by some coquette? . . .
Yes, winter's flirting with the spring!

No Tongue Can Tell

Marguerite J. Griffin

"OUT there we talk of death quite calmly," said a young sailor, home on leave after seeing action in the South Pacific. "We talk over what has happened to this one and that one of our friends. We never spare the details. We talk of death quite as matter-of-factly, as if we were discussing a newspaper item. We might as well. It's all around us out there, and we know it. I've seen more things than I can tell you."

He was much changed, this young man, from what he had been when he had gone away. Two years older? Yes, but more than that. His ordinarily fair-skinned face was bronzed from the rigors of sea life. But there were shadows across his brow, faint ones easily removed by his ready smile, but still lurking there in moments of repose. There was a firm new purpose to his jaw, as though, whatever his naval rank, he was master of himself no matter what the days might bring. And all this change because he had seen more things than tongue can tell. Physical suffering he had seen because he served with the medical corps. Death he had seen. Men dying before his very eyes. Men dying without a whimper, without a complaint.

"After one bombing we went about on deck helping the wounded. They were lying all about. I saw a fellow who had been my best friend lying over his gun. I thought he was dead, but when I came up to him he recognized me and he said: 'Do what you can for the others. I'm about done for.' But I had to do something for him. He was my friend. He died an instant later in my arms, and then I was glad, seeing his condition. This is something I will never forget as long as I live. Yes. Death is something we talk about quite openly. It's there and you have to face it."

That was the thing that made this boy different from what he had been before. He had been face to face with death. He knew he would go back to face it again, but in the meantime he would serve as best he could and smile all the while. While life lasted there were things to do for the living and last respects to the dead. Time enough to worry about danger when it struck. Two years ago he had been a young, care-free boy. Today he is a man, brave, master of himself and his emotions. And what has wrought the change? One thing. His ability to face reality, look it squarely in the eye, and spend his strength getting the most possible joy out of the real things of life, people, places, and comradeship.

What are you doing, mothers of these boys who have become men overnight, who have seen more things than tongue can tell? What are you doing to change your own souls that would like to cringe and shrink into citadels strong and sure? What am I doing to prepare myself against the day when my sons must go forth to face the pains of life and death upon their own? How do we rise to meet the problems of our own

lives courageously? We believe we could endure the dangers our sons face more easily than to know that they, in whose veins flow our own blood, must suffer, endure, and perchance die. But if our task is great, we must be greater.

I have seen mothers become whimpering old women, old long before their time, after their sons have sailed away to front-line action. I have seen them become helpless neurotics who can't stand to hear a news broadcast, who can't bear to read a paper. If it were helping these boys, then it would have purpose. But worry, anxiety cannot reach out and stop the bombs from falling. Instead, they twine like tentacles about the one who conceived them, crushing from her being all the breath of life, like an octopus with its overpowering grip.

Again I have seen mothers, with heads erect, lock their secret heartaches into a dark corner of their beings, and valiantly go forth to take their parts in the many duties of life at home. Why the difference? Why does one cringe and one remain indomitable. The reason is simple, depending upon whether you fight with life or against it, whether you look the whole thing squarely in the face like the young seaman. It is whether you, too, know that death is there and will admit it, or whether you are trying to avoid it, to fight against it. It's a futile fight, you know. Since Adam, men who have lived upon this earth have died. In that one thing all humanity are brothers. You know that each person must die, but you push the knowledge back into a far corner of your mind and refuse to face it. Well, bring it out into the light and let the sun shine upon it for awhile. You are going to die. Your son is going to die. No matter how you live, or grieve, or worry, you cannot change this fact. War doesn't make much difference then. It only makes you more aware that death stalks the earth.

BUT you say: "My boy is so young! What a pity a life is cut short in youth!" So we always feel. A pity to die so young! But what does it matter if life be long or short? The important thing is, how have we lived and how have we died. The day to an honest man, busy with his constructive work, may seem all too short. The same day to a criminal waiting to pay for his crime upon the gallows may seem a torturous eternity. But the day had twenty-four hours, and if it rained it rained for both. The difference is only in the human heart, in the way of life. One man knows the peace of honesty; the other the remorse, the despondency of a life which must pay for wasted deeds. Who, then, can measure a life, if it be long or short? Better to say it was rich or poor. Rich in valiance, in love, in honor; or poor in fear, in selfishness, in smallness of spirit. True it is, today many a youth gives his life, brief in years, but full of valor. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

"Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you." A strange thing? It has happened over and over in this world, but when it comes to you or to me it is strange. It is something we have

never felt before. It is a thrust to our courage. But we are not alone. Does that help? Every soul who has lived has had to face his Gethsemane, even the Son of Man. "Forasmuch as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind: for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin."

As human beings we must suffer some things over which we have no control, sickness, financial reverses, death, but at least if we seek an honorable way to life we can spare ourselves many heartaches of our own making.

There are so many things to benefit humanity that need to be done. Your sons are doing a big part of them. There is much remaining for us to do at home. There will always be a need for worthwhile tasks, well done.

"And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." And what person is it we should fear? None other than our own selves. True we must answer the call of death, for that is an event of life through which all must pass, but how we die and how we live, that is our own affair. We can chart a course which will steer us bravely through troubled waters or we can let our souls crack up in the storm. It is for us to choose.

"And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me." Hear the words of the Son of God who gave his life upon the cross to break the bonds of death, that the sea might one day give up the dead that are in it, that he might say unto the dry, parched, shattered bones of war, "Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live: and I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live; and ye shall know that I am the Lord." The same Lord who said: "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

As he leads let us follow, and while our days endure in the world we, too, can overcome the trials that beset our days, we can take up our cross and follow him. We can feel his peace which is so sweet no tongue can tell.

THE SNOWBALLS

Olive Rose Helton

A bit of gleaming white,
A breath of sweet perfume,
A tiny snow-white bud,
And then a large full bloom.

Now sparkling in the sunlight,
Now shadowed by the trees;
No lovelier flower in springtime,
Than snowballs in the breeze.

Work Meeting

UTILITY APRONS

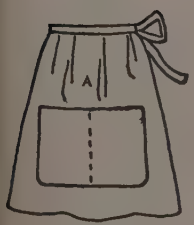
IN most present-day households the homemaker finds it necessary not only to do her own housework, but to learn how to conserve her energy so she can accomplish all the tasks she desires to do.

These aprons are practical in any kind of household but they are invaluable in homes where there are busy mothers and small children. The large pockets become convenient "catch-alls" for numerous articles which become misplaced. If the pockets are lined with oiled silk or a plasticized material they can also be used to carry a damp cloth for wiping off stray fingermarks, a cloth for furniture polishing, a whisk broom, etc. Such utility articles might be made on a Relief Society Work Meeting in the spring or for a coming bazaar.

The apron (Illus. 1) is very easily made using 3/5 yd. of material 27" wide for the apron proper, and 8" of contrasting material for the pockets. The apron is most effective using a light color for the background and a very dark color for the pockets.

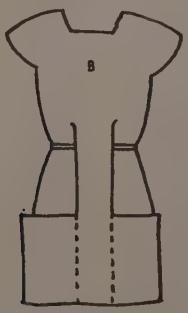
The apron (Illus. 2) can be made in medium size using 2 1/8 yds. of 35" material. If a head bandana is made of the same material, a very smart effect is achieved in this utility costume. The apron ties and is also buttoned down the back. The large pockets end a little beyond the side seams. This apron is unusually effective if a bright gay, solid color is used. Bias tape in a contrasting color makes an easy finish to use for binding.

ILLUS. 1



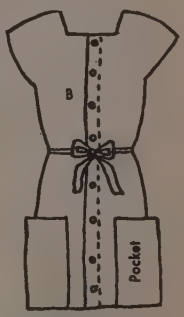
TIE APRON

ILLUS. 2



BUTTONED APRON
Front View

ILLUS. 3



BUTTONED APRON
Back View

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Vera White Pohlman, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes from the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for February 1944, page 104.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

(Continued from February *Magazine*)

East Central States Mission

THE following reports from four of the branches of this mission were received during 1944. Their Mission Relief Society President, Leone W. Doxey, submitted all but one.

"In the country district of Gretna, Virginia," wrote Sister Doxey, "we have a Relief Society with sixteen members, thirteen of whom are not members of the Church.

"The meetings of the Gretna Relief Society are held Tuesday afternoons in the home of Sister Maria Rowland, 'Granny,' as she is lovingly called by all who know her. The home is a fine old Virginia farmhouse that had been the home of her husband's father and mother. Granny moved into it as a bride. She is now nearly eighty years old and has been a member of the Church for more than forty years. She teaches the theology lessons in Relief Society and is an inspiration to everyone there."

Mrs. L. H. Snow, president of the Charlottesville (Virginia) Relief Society, wrote July 20, 1944:

"In and around this city and also other big towns, we see many beautiful little country churches closed for lack of preachers. Women from some of these churches are joining the Relief Society and are glad to get something to do. I wish you could see our women working, making rugs, quilts, et cetera. The people in the country want to piece quilts so I am taking them the material. I am also taking them samples of a miniature red-checked apron and a tiny pair of blue and white striped overalls, to help in the collection of contributions to the building fund. A note in the apron pocket has space for filling in the woman's name and her waist measurement, and carries the suggestion, "A penny for every inch." A similar note in the overall pocket suggests that the men pledge either work on the chapel or a cash donation. We also have one member in Hampton, and she is making something for the bazaar in October. Some members up in the Blue Ridge near Standardsville are making quilts—one woman gave the top, filling, and bottom for a quilt last night. This project is getting every one doing something, and in that way they learn what we stand for and what we are doing in trying to teach the gospel. The people are hungry for the gospel and for friends."

Sister Doxey reports an unusual

RELIEF SOCIETY OF HARKERS ISLAND (NORTH CAROLINA), EAST CENTRAL STATES MISSION

Picture submitted March 1944 by M.I.A. President Raymond Guthrie who stated:

This Society was organized in 1923 under adverse circumstances and almost unbearable persecution. Although at that time the membership was very small it has since grown, through the faith and charity exercised by the sisters, to the present membership of 30. Left to right, front row: Virgie Lewis, Annie B. Guthrie, Annie Rose, Annie Lee Lawrence, Edith Willis (Secretary), Gertie Willis (1st Counselor), Letha Lewis (President), Blanch Willis (2d Counselor), Lillian Davis (teacher); Belva Gillikin, Mamie Hamilton, Clara Willis and Edith A. Willis; second row: Nettie Brooks, Naomi Guthrie, Flora Belle Willis, Hannah Guthrie; third row: Glennie Guthrie, Mattie Whitley, Bessie Hancock, Nannie Willis and Hattie Rose.

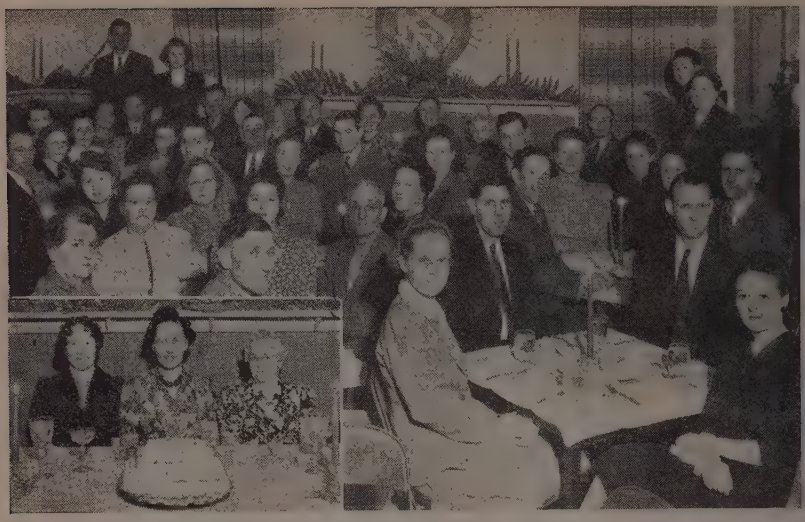
Relief Society meeting held at Fairmont, Virginia, which came to her attention through Sister Crozier Kimball, a short-term missionary.

"Sister May Sloter, Relief Society president in Fairmont, had announced on Sunday that the work meeting would be held the following Wednesday afternoon. The time arrived for the appointed meeting and no one came but the president. She felt discouraged and somewhat upset, but she had said there would be Relief Society meeting so she conducted one. She announced the song and sang it, opened the meeting with prayer, sang again and then sat down and quilted for an hour. At the end of the hour she sang another song and dismissed the meeting with prayer. She put her work away and returned to her home with joy and satisfaction in her heart. Sister Sloter is loved and respected by the members of the Fairmont Branch and though the membership is small, after this example of faithfulness, all who possibly can now attend the meetings."

Northern California Mission

MARY SMITH ELLSWORTH, recently released president of Relief Societies of the Northern California Mission, wrote last June:

"During the year thus far I have visited in every district with President Ellsworth. The most outstanding thing I find is the increased spirit of unity and co-operation and love among all our sisters. Our Relief Society meetings are held in most branches immediately following Sunday School; while the men



RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS, THEIR HUSBANDS AND FRIENDS, TOYON BRANCH, NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION

at the party at Toyon Community House, March 17, 1944 commemorating the 102d anniversary of the organization of the Relief Society. Inset shows presidency with birthday cake, with President Lorena Humphries in center, and Counselors Mary K. Hirst and Mabel Kloss, left and right, respectively.

attend Priesthood meeting, the Relief Society and Primary convene. Transportation facilities are more available on Sunday, especially in our outlying districts and where many of our people are engaged in war work.

"It is the earnest desire of President Ellsworth to establish a suitable place of meeting for every branch in this mission, and in this the sisters are doing their full part. This year two chapels have been dedicated and property has been purchased in eight branches. The sisters have given dinners not only for their own members, but, in several instances, have served for various clubs and groups who have paid them well. They have held rummage sales to dispose of clothes collected from neighbors and friends as well as our own members. Prior to the sales, these articles are washed or cleaned and mended; they bring in a very good price and help those who need them. High-type character balls and parties which included wholesome and amusing games have placed the sisters in touch with many, thus affording opportunity to teach the gospel by example as well as precept.

"We have in the mission, now, 260 local missionaries, many of them our Relief Society sisters. We feel thankful for this, for our younger mothers are gaining experience and knowledge that will qualify them to teach their children the gospel. We appreciate the excellent lessons given us by the General Board. They breathe the pure spirit of the gospel, impel us to action, and help to qualify us for real missionary work."

Anna Duckett, secretary-treasurer

RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS OF SAVANNAH BRANCH (GEORGIA), SOUTHERN STATES MISSION

Mission Relief Society President Effie Meeks says this is a splendid singing group which is a factor in maintaining interest in Relief Society work there.

of the Toyon (Redding, California) Branch Relief Society submitted last July the accompanying pictures and the following article by Eva S. Richards, a member:

They Are Still Pioneers

"In the shadow of snow-capped Mt. Shasta lies a minute branch of the Church—the Toyon Branch. It is situated on the hills and bluffs overlooking the Sacramento River and Shasta Dam, the world's second largest concrete structure.

"The construction of this dam has brought people from all over the world, both as workers and visitors, and so the Toyon Branch is very cosmopolitan with representation from Canada, Australia, Germany, England, Sweden, Holland, as well as most of the states, from coast to coast.

"The dam is fifteen miles from the nearest California town of any size, and its construction brought five or six thousand persons, some of them Mormons, into a wilderness of red clay, turpentine pines, manzanita, and poison oak.

"Some of those who came early in the construction period spent that first miserable winter (three months of constant rain) in canvas tents; but spring comes early in this part of California and by April 1938, homes were started. Poison oak brush was plentiful and had to be cleared; even smoke from its burning carried contamination. Most of the work of clearing was done by women and children, for the work shifts on the dam changed every two weeks for some, while others worked a constant shift of day, swing or graveyard.

"The homes usually had their beginning as one-room affairs, but as the men earned steadily, the homes grew. Wells were dug in very unpromising terrain, with accidents, and even casualties, a common occurrence. And now, six years later,

MEMBERS OF THE NEWLY ORGANIZED RELIEF SOCIETY AT PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS
standing in front of the National Monument to the Forefathers which overlooks the bay. Left to right: Kate Burgess, Marjorie Pickett, Elder Harold Dance, Estella Hutchins, and Elizabeth Pickett, Relief Society president. The other members unable to be present when picture was taken are Cora E. Bartlett and Cora Ann Glass.

delightful homes with electricity and modern conveniences are seen in the once-wilderness.

"The women worked long and hard to build these homes even though they knew they were to live there but a few years. Some of the women were sickly, some were old, some were having children, but they all had the desire for a home of their own. One family took the red clay, formed it into bricks, and, in one year, built for themselves a spacious six-room home that is now one of the social centers of the branch.

"Gardens were made in the red clay by the women and children who carried fertilizer and sand from the river banks. Much to everyone's amazement, the gardens produced. The daughters of the pioneers are still helping to make a garden spot in the West, and are seeing that their children are raised in the culture of home and Church.

"The Toyon Branch covers ten square miles. All of the visiting teachers are women who have families of small children, but their work has been done efficiently and on time. The 102d anniversary of the organization of the Relief Society was observed March 17 by the Toyon Branch. Crystal candles, wild ferns, redbud and forsythia decorated the community house and an unforgetable program was presented. The war and the closing scenes at Shasta Dam are now sending this group on again to new fields, to new homes. They will carry their spirit of love and endeavor into new communities that have never heard of Mormons or witnessed their industry.

"Good luck to you all and Godspeed—modern pioneer women."

New England Mission

ELDER FOLEY C. RICHARDS was auxiliary supervisor for the mission at the time he submitted the following account, last August:

"Again the Relief Society plays the pioneer role in New England, this time in the 'Pilgrim Town,' Plymouth, Massachusetts, where America's forefathers settled three hundred and twenty-four years ago.

"On May 23, 1944, a Relief Society was organized there—the first organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to be established in Plymouth. Under the direction of President William H. Reeder, Jr., Bertha S. Reeder, mis-

FOUR RELIEF SOCIETIES OF THE WESTERN STATES MISSION
(Pictures submitted by Luceal R. Curtis, recently released president of the Relief Societies of this mission.)

Top row, left to right: Relief Society at Salida, Colorado; Relief Society at Fruita, Colorado, observes the 102d anniversary.

Bottom row, left to right: Belle Fourche (South Dakota) Branch also celebrates 102d anniversary of Relief Society; Relief Society at Grand Junction, Colorado.

sion Relief Society president, and Elder Ted L. Miller, district president, this Society was organized with six members. Three of these were Latter-day Saints at the time; one has subsequently been baptized, and the other two are earnest investigators of the gospel. All are the fruits of recent missionary labor.

"These good sisters are enthusiastically meeting together each week, and the future of their group is promising indeed. Each has had to face the usual criticism which attends one who is willing to subscribe to 'Mormon' beliefs, and the Church can be justly proud of them for their Pilgrim spirit of loyalty to their convictions and for their service which makes possible this Latter-day Saint organization in New England's oldest town."

Lola Humphreys, writing in the fall of 1944 as auxiliary supervisor, reported the successful Relief Society convention held September 24, at Cambridge, Massachusetts (the mission headquarters) for Relief Society officers. She continues:

"The careful planning which took place several weeks in advance, contributed greatly to the success of the conference which was very well attended by approximately 75 Relief Society officers.

"During the forenoon session, a detailed and instructive outline of the duties of the officers was given by Mission Relief Society President Bertha S. Reeder. The remaining time was spent in the bearing of testimonies. At noon, a delicious buffet luncheon was served in one of the rooms of the Cambridge chapel from a table very attractively arranged with candles and flowers. In

the afternoon, several talks were given by members of different Relief Society branches, and the Singing Mothers of Hartford, Connecticut, offered three beautiful numbers, at intervals.

"The enthusiasm and zeal with which Sister Reeder discussed the problems and with which she delivered her remarks were transferred to every one present. In spite of the fact that some of the members had to travel several miles, some even leaving home the day before, they all felt much more capable of carrying on their duties after the convention."

A comprehensive mimeographed bulletin was distributed, carrying a concise and explicit digest of duties of officers and of new instructions, and also a narrative history of the several local Relief Societies in the mission for 1943-44, indicating the problems, activities, and accomplishments of each.

Hawaiian Mission

OLIVIA S. Waddoups, former Relief Society president of this mission, wrote in March 1944: "Brother Waddoups is superintendent of the Leperosarium here at Kalaupapa. We find a wide field for service to these people who, though entirely confined for life within this area of about 10 square miles, are very happy, cheerful, and contented. They are also very war conscious, buying bonds and stamps to the extent of three times their quota. They are well taken care of by the Territory. We have a very modern hospital, two capable doctors whose wives are nurses in the hospital, five other nurses; 12 Catholic Sisters who manage the hospital, and a medical technologist in charge of the laboratory. The colony has its own bakery, laundry, moving picture and recreational hall, and three nice churches —the Catholic with a Father and four Brothers who are in charge of the Unit Home for Men; the Calvin, with Reverend Alice, a real Hawaiian lady, to look after her congregation; and our L.D.S. Church. The Elders visit us monthly, and we have a patient here who is the Presiding Elder. We have the smallest congregation but our members are very active and interested.

"The Relief Society sisters who are well enough to get out are very active. Last Sunday we held an anniversary meeting commemorating March 17. We all came dressed in white; there were 9 of us, and 12 young girls and 16 of the Priesthood. I am sure this was the most unique anniversary meeting in the Church. All but two of us are victims of the disease—myself and Sister Kalahau, a helper who is married to a patient who is blind but who leads the group in their singing. In the group that furnished the singing there were four blind, two on crutches, and others who needed help to get around. But they sang beautifully, and bore testimony that the Lord was good, and kind, and that they were very grateful for the Relief Society organization.

"All in all, we have a little world, a very little one, but we try to keep happy, busy and helpful. We take every precaution possible. We have several people here who have been here over 40 and one 53 years, working with the patients in every way, in the hospital, dressing their wounds, bathing them, and giving

(*Continued on page 192*)

The Shape of Peace

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

I

God of all men and nations, Light in Light,
I, who am spent with fear and sorrowing,
Ask for a ray to follow through this night
Darkened by earthen gods to which men cling.
There have been other years when I have seen
Your star go down like ice from winter's bough,
But never has my heart been caught between,
And never was it torn as it is now.
So soon we shall be called upon to stem
The tides of war and plan for peace to be!
That words once lifted over Bethlehem
Take definite shape and purpose, we agree;
But when the board of diplomats convenes,
What shall our blueprint be? and what our means?

II

The concept of a structure strong enough
To hold all men in concord that will last,
To bind great powers, long inured to bluff,
Into a kindred whole, is a plan so vast
As to exceed the limits of the brain.
This is a vision only dreamers see,
A pact no sage has ever hoped to gain
In any form of practicality.
We have no precedent on which to build.
It well may be that such a scheme may fail—
So great the distance from the grandeur willed
To grandeur sculptured to a working scale!
Yet build we must—another holocaust
As mad as this, and man himself is lost.

III

We know you taught us that the structure stands
Imbedded in the individual heart,
That other temples are but built on sands,
The prey of time and wind they fall apart;
But words wear thin; their meanings sleep unknown.
Unless the heart is willing to concede
The world's shortcomings are also its own,
No superstructure can fulfill our need.
We lack your love immeasureable within;
We need your faith in one eternal will
For all mankind, before we can begin
To plan that tempests lie forever still.
Bless those who plan for us. Let them be wise,
To shape world peace with brave, world-visioned eyes.

Notes from the Field

(*Continued from page* 190)
every detail of care, and they are free from the disease, and have no desire to leave for other work. We can have our friends visit us as often as they wish, and we enjoy them. We have a nice yard, where patients never enter, and we have one of the most beautiful coastlines in the islands, but no ocean bathing."

It is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics when women of high thoughts and accomplishments love to sew; especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than while so occupied.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne

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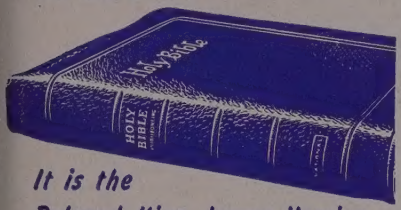

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